

TOC H JOURNAL

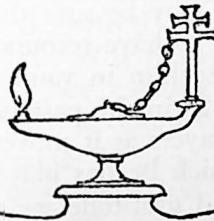
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VOLUME XIII



NUMBER 3

"PETER"

P. W. MONIE, *first Hon. Administrator of Toc H*, handed over his office to his successor, HUBERT SECRETAN, in February, after nearly twelve years' service. We try to express our gratitude to him by printing, first, some words spoken by the Chairman of the Central Executive, P. SUTHERLAND GRAEME, at the February meeting of the Committee, the last Peter attended; next, some verses which TUBBY sent home for that meeting; and, finally, some account of Peter's work, ending on a more personal note about himself.

NONE of us would wish—and Peter least of all—that this his last appearance at the Executive as Administrator should be made the occasion for any formal leave-taking or tearful farewell. I am sure that, however sincere our regret is that the time has now come for him to lay down his office, the thought that is uppermost in our minds to-night is one of thanksgiving for his life and work and of genuine gratitude that we have so long been privileged to be Peter's friends and, in some measure, however humble, shared in his plans, in his labours and in his ultimate successes.

We know that deep down at the roots of his character there lies an almost obstinate humility which leads him to eschew any outward demonstration of admiration and affection; we know that he feels that in placing his services at the disposal of the family, he has done no more than his bounden duty and service and that he seeks for no reward.

I must therefore be tender to him with the tenderness of a brother Scot; but he cannot, if he would, prevent me from saying on behalf of all of us that his real reward is to be found in the hearts of multitudes of men who regard him with sincere affection not merely for what he has done but for what he is. The spontaneous tribute paid to him by only a small portion of the family at Leicester plainly testifies how great a part he has personally played in making Toc H a Way of Life, capable of being lived out in the coarser atmosphere of earth and not only according to some sealed pattern laid up in Heaven.

We shall miss Peter grievously not only as a man but also as a statesman who, with all the resources of an orderly mind and sympathetic understanding, has created for us no mere paper constitution but a machine endowed with a soul. That machine he now hands over to Hubert and to us to use as he has planned.

And so ends an epoch of administration for which we thank God. Whether it will be possible or proper in days to come to lay upon the shoulders of a single man the responsibilities and mass of detail which has been Peter's lot for so long we may well doubt. But of this we may be sure that in our future undertakings we shall not fail, whenever necessary, to have recourse to his wide experience and sage counsel and we shall never look to him in vain.

More than this, we know that, as in the past, so in the future the family will at all times be remembered in his prayers as it moves forward in hope and confidence to a destiny in the shaping of which he has played so conspicuous a part.

With hearts full of affection and gratitude we wish him good luck in the name of the Lord.

Central Executive, February 6, 1935.

P. SUTHERLAND GRAEME.

"Corner-Stone Peter"

1920

*A lean little Scot, with a soul and a brain,
Went on leave from Bombay, by a ship and a train.
And a fat little parson—festina non lente—
Took fifty quid off him in nineteen-and-twenty.*

1922

*Now the parson had hatch'd what he couldn't control;
So he called the Scot, with the brain and the soul.
Thus the lean little Scot came reluctantly in,
And he sat on a chair, as suspecting a pin.
While the fat little parson said: "Welcome to you!"
All that was in nineteen-and-twenty-and-two.*

1935

*But now it is nineteen-and-thirty-and-five.
Fat and lean have surprisingly lingered alive;
And that fat little parson, who's 'out for a duck,'
Salutes Cornerstone Peter, and murmurs:—"good luck."*

Envoi

*There's a passage in Acts, which is precious (like fun!)
"So we cease to persuade, saying God's will be done!"
You have seen what occurs—have you not? Have you not?—
When a brain and a soul co-inhabit one Scot.*

Belgaum, 21.1.35.

TUBBY.

The Work and the Worker

A Spring morning in 1923 is the time; the place is Toc H Headquarters, that is to say three rooms on the ground floor of Mark II, St. George's Square, in London. A 'buzzer' in one of the larger rooms sounds, and a member of the staff—then numbering a bare half-dozen—steps across the passage to answer it. He opens a door which bears upon it the painted legend *The Poor Old Padre*, and, in a very small, much-encumbered bed-sitting room faces Tubby seated at the desk where he has probably sat all night. "My dear, have an apple" (he has one). "A new story—I must tell you. When I was at Mark I last night . . ." Laughter—and then, "O, by the way, there's a perfectly glorious man I found at Newcastle on Tuesday. I want you to meet him. Why not run up there to-morrow?" "Not to-morrow, Tubby: you see, there's our meeting at Barnet." Disappointment is drowned in another story. Then work is resumed.

Time—a week or so later. The same 'buzzer' sounds; the same member of the staff enters the same small room, now much less encumbered—and faces, properly for the first time alone, a spare man with greying hair at the desk. He looks up from busy writing, with the ghost of a shy smile, and says "Please sit down"; he writes again busily to the end of a sentence. Then—"There are just two points

I wanted information about. First . . .” The member of the staff begins to explain all the circumstances and is checked quietly with “No, I don’t want to know all about that: the only point is . . .” The member of the staff pulls himself together, like a good witness in the box, and answers to the point. “And now, just one other thing . . .” The process is repeated, superfluous words are pruned away, and the one point made clear. Again the shy smile: “Thank you, that’s all I wanted to know.” The member of the staff returns to his own untidy table, thoughtful. He realises now for certain that a new *régime* has begun at H.Q.—and he wonders. Nearly twelve years have passed since that day—and now he knows.

The Indian Civil Servant

PETER WILLIAM MONIE was born on March 30, 1877. Like many another Scotsman he won his own education from the start by scholarships and prizes, at Irvine Royal Academy, then at Glasgow University and then at Balliol College, Oxford. He passed brilliantly into the Indian Civil Service and went out in 1900 to his first appointment in the Bombay Presidency. He became Assistant Collector and Assistant Judge and, in 1905, Under Secretary to the Government of Bombay. In 1907 he was already Under Secretary to the Government of India (Home Department). In 1913 he was acting Collector in Nawabshah Sind; in 1915 Secretary to the Government of Bombay; in the following year Municipal Commissioner for the City of Bombay; and in 1920 Deputy Director of Development in Bombay—a position which proved, unexpectedly, to be his last in the I.C.S. In the same year he was made a Companion of the Star of India. Such are the barest facts of Peter’s official career. His contemporaries in India have a great deal to add as to the outstanding quality of his service. His arduous work of administration was spiced with brilliant touches of humour—as, for instance, in the draft of a mock Bill “for the Promotion of Regrettable Incidents” which is still remembered.

The First Festival: The Main Resolution

The year 1922 proved to be a turning point for him, as for our movement. He came home on leave and got in touch with Toc H, of which he had seen a little (and there was little indeed to see—but that good) when on leave in 1920, and heard a good deal from Tubby’s brother in Bombay. In ‘retreat’ with Tubby himself, he reached the conviction that Toc H was the cause he had long been seeking and that he was meant to serve it if he could. He received an extension of leave (he did not officially retire from the I.C.S. until 1925) and began to give himself heart and soul to our affairs. In the November JOURNAL of 1922 the first announcement was made that P. W. Monie was “deliberately retiring, seven years before his time, to devote himself to the Honorary Administration of our big family.” And his first public appearance in Toc H was on the platform of the London Guildhall, on December 15, 1922, the night of the historic Birthday Festival when our Patron lit the first Lamps of Maintenance.

Indications of what Peter’s job was to be were given (though few of us then realised it) in that Festival week-end. On December 14, the day before it began, His Majesty the King had granted the Royal Charter of Toc H, and this instrument, so perplexing to the casual mind of members in those days, was put, ready-made, into Peter’s hands to be interpreted by him in terms of living men and a great

society. In what spirit he would interpret it was made clear by an event on December 16, the Sunday afternoon of the Festival—the solemn passing, by all present at the 'Birthday Conference' in Grosvenor House, of *The Main Resolution*. The history of that document, known to every member since then as the most uncompromising statement of what Toc H stands for, is significant. Tubby, Alec Paterson and Peter Monie, greatly dissatisfied that the Christian basis of Toc H was not definitely underlined in the Royal Charter, met to devise a form of words which could stand alongside it and make this clear. The draft was mainly Peter's; the final revision was made in Alec's office at the Prison Commission. The *Main Resolution* was not only passed by the Birthday Conference of 1922, but Peter brought it up for confirmation by the Central Council at its first meeting in 1923 and again in 1924, that is until it was possible, in 1925, to have the Royal Charter amended so as to set the Christian basis of Toc H beyond all shadow of doubt. From the very first days, therefore, Peter made it clear that his work was to be not merely to build a framework for Toc H on the foundation of the Charter which was available to his hand, but to administer it as a Christian society, to help us all to make it (in Pat Leonard's memorable phrase at an early Festival) "God's show."

The 'State' of Toc H in 1922

Toc H as Peter found it and Toc H as he has just left it present a contrast which the oldest members find it hard nowadays to remember and which the newly-joined cannot hope fully to appreciate. In 1922 forty of the 'units,' often quite loosely-knit groups of members and their friends, were picked out to be the original Branches which received Lamps. The Secretaries List of January, 1923, shows two dozen other units called 'Groups.' Some of these scarcely existed even then, some have since grown up to Branch status, some have been entirely rebuilt or have long ago disappeared altogether. There were also five nominal 'Groups' in Canada and two in the United States, the first fruits of Tubby's earliest visit overseas in 1922. And, besides, there is a list of nearly two dozen 'Correspondents' in foreign parts, most of them foundation members who had gone overseas and, without any semblance of a Toc H nucleus to support them, kept in irregular touch with Tubby for auld lang sync. London, be it observed, appears simply as Branch No. 1; a year later it appears still as a single Branch but divided into sections A to G—of which four are Marks, two never really existed and the last has no Secretary. This then was the 'state' of Toc H when Peter came to administer it.*

He set to work in the way we have since learnt to understand and to rely upon more and more. His own clear mind and his training in India led him at once to attack essentials of the new building, problems to which the ordinary member seldom gave a moment's thought, and, if he did, found merely dull. The Central Council, appointed by the Charter to be the governing body of Toc H, had to be translated into reality; its election and its methods of business must be worked out in every detail. The Central Executive, up till then (as some of us still remember) a pleasantly informal body, varying much in size—for the distinction between members of it and casual visitors to it was often not quite clear—and unconventional in its conduct of business, had to be 'tightened up' into a committee which should

* The 'state' now is 456 Branches, 623 Groups at home; 94 and 274 overseas. Total, 1,353 units.

truly represent Toc H and be able to direct the great driving force already in the movement. The Council and the Executive at once found that Peter knew his own mind and was a power to be reckoned with. If he often seemed to take charge, it was because the time had come for an Administrator to administer.

A Great Combination

The combination of Tubby and Peter has been one of the most remarkable gifts to Toc H in these past twelve years. From one has come an endless succession of ideas, 'inspirations' new every morning, an urgent enthusiasm which would lead Toc H into all sorts of fields; from the other the deliberate judgment which tried to weigh up every new idea of Tubby's, to control it or to make it come true, without haste, without waste. And the ordinary member, usually not knowing Peter by sight, was sometimes apt to picture him as rather a negative and cold-blooded force, curbing the natural flow of Toc H enthusiasm, and the Headquarters staff as a red-tape bureaucracy 'taking the time' from him. Nothing—as many can attest from personal experience—is more absurdly far from the truth. Peter was building Toc H and knew that you could not have the upper storeys before you had secured the foundations, or add sky-high pinnacles without a base, or even construct a new wing until you could foresee money to pay the contractor. Stage by stage the edifice has risen under his mind and hand—so orderly in its plan that most members now using it do not realise how hard and sound the work has had to be.

We are here trying to express our deep indebtedness to a man, but we cannot think of him altogether apart from his achievement. Organisation seems a dull subject to many of us, who enjoy its benefits without sharing in its problems, but members ought to be given enough facts about it to enable them to thank Peter for his twelve years service to them. So we remind ourselves of one or two things which belong to it. The building has never taken the builder by surprise; it has never in these twelve years run up an odd corner overnight which was not foreseen. Where there has been failure or plans have had to be changed, it has almost always been the failure of some man or group of men on whom the plan depended—for Toc H is, after all, no building of bricks and mortar which can be handled at will but of living men with wills of their own. The central, fundamental things, as we have said, came first—the Council and Executive, the financial stability (not yet secure but at least saved from reckless speculation and chaos), the choice and training of men to carry special jobs, and, above all, the spiritual foundation, deep down, without which Toc H would be an empty shell, however imposing. All this took time at the start and is never complete.

First Steps in 'Decentralisation'

And then, when such ideas were but vaguely circulating in the minds of most of us, Peter began to work out his plans for the 'decentralisation' of Toc H. Already in January, 1924, he announced in the JOURNAL that the Central Executive had appointed Harry Ellison to be Hon. Secretary of a 'London Federation.' No. 1 Branch, meeting in the London Marks, had begun for some time to get worried about what it called its "scattered membership," *i.e.* men, scarcely more than names in some cases, who lived too far from the centre to attend regular meetings in a

Mark. 'Uncle Harry' (to be succeeded, when he left for South Africa, by Rex Calkin) began systematically to discover the strength of the London membership and organise it into local units—a first experiment in decentralisation, made under Peter's eye.

In the same month of January, 1924, there was held at Sheffield, whither Ronnie Grant had been sent as full-time "Organiser," the first "Northern Conference." This week-end meeting drew members not only from Yorkshire but fairly widely from the North of England and 'North Midlands.' It combined many features of what we should nowadays call an Area or District "Rally" with unofficial discussion of business which would now fall to an Area Executive. It was a purely voluntary coming-together and had no official status and no executive powers. In other words, it was a good 'talking-shop' for members from a fairly wide radius who seldom met each other in the ordinary way but were growing conscious of their special problems and of the need for discussing them. In the same year similar informal conferences were held at Leicester for Midland members, at Bristol for Western members, at Oxford for Southern members, at Crowborough for South Eastern members and in London for all attending the Birthday Festival. As an editorial in the JOURNAL said at the time—

Toc H has certainly caught the conference-habit. Its conferences are not, for the most part, organised by benevolent bureaucrats at Headquarters looking for a pastime, but are a natural growth in Branches and districts. The family delights to meet. It rebels against the chance of becoming parochial . . . A Toc H Conference is not just an 'odd job,' a pleasant interlude, or an end in itself . . . The last subject on the agenda at Bristol the other day (though the conference did not reach it) was "the need to produce *thinkers* in Toc H."* And indeed there are many thinkers—though not enough—already busy among us. Their greatest concern, we believe, is to be certain about what Toc H *is*, even more than about what it *does* . . . To some members this will sound rather vague and 'highbrow.' These will be the faithful, 'practical' men without whom Everyman's Club cannot accomplish its joyful job of service. But alongside them there must be (and there are) others who are working out a sort of philosophy of Toc H."

"Toc H under Weigh"

Peter was to be, above all others, the 'thinker' in and for Toc H. He set himself to discover what Toc H was meant to *be*, while members, in the Jobmaster's sphere, were pushing forward with its *doing*. And it fell to him to produce what the leader-writer described as "a sort of philosophy for Toc H." When a series of eight monthly articles began to appear in the JOURNAL of 1926, under various titles and over the initials P.W.M., members began to realise how much "philosophy" there was in this joyful adventure and how far it might lead them. These articles were collected in book form in the following year under the title of *Toc H under Weigh*. This little book, so closely packed with clear argument, learning, and faith in the mission of Toc H will always continue (in a phrase from a prayer of Tubby's) to "suggest deep thoughts concerning it." So long as Toc H remains true to its chief original ideals, *Toc H under Weigh* will never be super-

* Our Patron, in his message to the 1934 Birthday Festival at Leicester, had to remind us all again that this need still urgently exists.

sed in its own field. Some wise members make a habit of reading it again every year, and each time they discover new treasures. It is not a book for haste or 'skipping'—for hard thinking about the deepest things in life cannot produce easy reading. It is one of Peter's permanent gifts to us all.

The 'Areas' are created

Meanwhile the process of "devolution" went on, as and when the movement was ready for it. The Northern Conference became a regular feature, meeting as a rule twice a year in different places as far apart as Manchester, Newcastle and Lincoln. Its members became steadily more conscious of their local unity and a whisper about "self-government" grew louder in the mouths of some of them. In the Autumn of 1925 a "West Yorks. Federation" of units makes its first appearance in the List, alongside the "London Federation" (now grown to 13 Branches and 25 Groups). A year later, in the Autumn of 1926 a "Yorkshire and North Midlands Area" stands in the List as one of fourteen "Areas" (including the oldest and largest, the "London Federation"). Half of these Areas had whole-time Secretaries of their own, eight of them had one or more whole-time Padres; the Area Secretary of the rest was "c/o The General Secretary, Headquarters," i.e. they were still without their own staff and administered from the centre. The first stage of the process of decentralising Toc H was complete, for though the number of the Areas has since increased and the boundaries of them have often had to be re-drawn, the principle of dividing the whole country into manageable regions, bound by ties of common traditions and interests, will surely never be abandoned. Each Area has been carefully planned and sometimes passes through an "Experimental" stage (e.g. Shrewsbury and a part of Scotland at the present time) before it reaches stability. And the system is much more than a game with a map, for Peter worked out for them, and the Central Executive sanctioned, a "Constitution for Area Executives," which gives them an indispensable part and real powers in the running of Toc H. This Constitution (it was sanctioned early in 1929) is deserving of study by all members who desire to appreciate the quality of Peter's service in detail: the proof of its excellence is the smoothness of its working. At first there were not wanting critics who protested that the young movement was not yet ready to be given these local responsibilities; they viewed 'organisation' as an enemy of the 'Toc H spirit' and 'constitutions' as 'red-tape.' No thinking member now wishes to put the clock back to the days when the scattered and unrelated units were loosely held together by visiting 'brass-hats' from H.Q. 'Organisation' has given us a far wider vision of Toc H as 'The Family.'

'Districts' and their 'Teams'

In 1928 Peter judged that Toc H at home was ready for the next stage, which he had already been working out in his mind. If the whole family throughout the country had been found unwieldy and therefore ready for Area organisation, the Areas themselves were too large to get together for the practical purposes of fellowship and service. And so, in the Spring of 1928, we find the London Area subdivided into three and those sub-divisions further divided into "Districts," each consisting of a group of units which could manage sometimes to meet together for an evening Guest-night and could entrust their internal affairs to a District team.

By the Summer of that year the experiment had been extended to nine other Areas, in each of which one or more Districts was carved out, while the rest of their units remained still ungrouped, awaiting their turn. By the end of 1928 the process, so far as England alone was concerned, was practically complete. Again a "Constitution of District Committees" was provided by Peter—and was found, after many early misgivings on the part of more conservative members, to work.

Let no one suppose that this simple structure was lightly conceived by the Hon. Administrator or easily achieved. It is taken as a matter of course by the modern member that this is the natural shape and organisation of Toc H. He attends a District Guest-night, perhaps he is chosen by his fellow-members to work on the District team; he is accustomed to the Area Secretary or Padre cropping up now and then at a meeting of his unit, he enjoys attending a big Area Festival every year or so. To a previous generation of Toc H membership such things did not thus go without saying: they were new and seemed sometimes puzzling, irritating, unnecessary. And then gradually the men who were called upon to bear the burden of Area administration by holding office began to discover Peter himself, as man to man. He attended every one of their Area Executive meetings, or was represented by his deputy; he was able to meet their difficulties, to advise and inspire. He had an uncanny gift, they found, for sizing them up; he 'spotted winners' among them. The new organisation was revealed as no mere paper plan, devised in a remote office by a clever civil servant, but as a machine with which ordinary men could accomplish difficult work more easily, or, if you like, as a piece of living structure in which the body of Toc H could grow up in true harmony. And they were made to feel also that service on a committee was as truly Toc H work as any other 'job,' an honourable and arduous service, with as Divine a commission as any other, work which required no Jobmaster's misfits but the best men available.

"Far across the Seas"

Alec Paterson's words from the Guildhall platform in December, 1922, "Toc H shall go far across the seas . . . ours is a task which knows no limits," had seemed to his hearers rather a brave rhetorical flourish, suited to the Festival mood. The tiny beginnings, seed scattered rather than sown, of Tubby's brief visit across the Atlantic in that year, received a more deliberate and very great reinforcement from the "World Tour" of 1925 which he undertook with Pat Leonard. Their main objective was Australia, but on the way there and back, they revisited Canada and the States and started Toc H in New Zealand, Malaya, Ceylon and India, as well as in the Australian Commonwealth. In 1926 Harry Ellison was sent to South Africa, where one stray unit already existed, to spread Toc H through all the Provinces. In 1928 Tubby visited South America to help the scattered Groups which had started there on their own. Since then, as every member knows, he and many other envoys from home have visited Persia and other new fields and revisited most parts of the world where Toc H exists in any strength. Toc H has indeed gone "far across the seas" and discovered great opportunities and problems—"a task which knows no limits" and even overshadows its work at home.

The whole of this rapid development has taken place in Peter's time and has claimed more and more of his powers of imagination and organisation. From

the first he faced it with unswerving adherence to a principle—that the “home base” must be made reasonably secure before overseas claims could be met as he knew they were entitled to be met. The call from all parts of the world became more clamorous and there were some who were impatient with Peter’s careful organisation of Toc H at home in the face of it. In finance he consistently and patiently taught us all that the first aim should be to make the Areas at home self-supporting in order that any other monies might be freed for use overseas. It might be attractive, and indeed romantic, to ‘blaze trails’ in distant lands, but the hard and more pedestrian work of putting one’s own household in order came first. In war many have witnessed the disaster which in the end meets enthusiastic troops advancing beyond their appointed objective, regardless of supplies and communications with headquarters behind—and this advance of Toc H has also been a campaign, demanding true strategy. The results of Peter’s strategy with regard to the growth overseas is becoming plain to all. Toc H is now strong enough at the centre to be able to undertake distant enterprises, not with the hope of sudden, sensational victories, but with prospects of building something which will endure.

Courageous Faith

But this is not to say that Peter’s overseas policy has lacked boldness or shunned all risks. On the contrary, as members of the Central Finance Committee can testify perhaps better than any, he has led many ventures of faith which time (but no gilt-edged financier) will justify. Courage is not at all the same thing as rashness, and true adventure is not to be confused with mere ‘stunts.’ With the “home base” still so far from complete security, Peter’s leading with regard to Toc H overseas must be counted a courageous adventure. The coming and going of a staff of men, carefully chosen and trained, between the “home base” and “our farthest kindred in Toc H” is a thing which many, both here and abroad, have long dreamed of and demanded. It is already, as anyone can see, beginning to come true. And this would not have been possible without all Peter’s thought and work and faith behind it.

This is not the place to enter into intricate details of how Toc H in the great countries of the Empire has been encouraged and helped to find its feet. Every stage of development between, so to speak, ‘Colonial government’ from home and ‘Dominion status’ on the spot has been thought out and catered for. Southern Africa, for instance, once directly dependent on Headquarters in London and guided by a visiting commissioner sent out from home, has received its own Constitution, which was drawn up by those who knew the country best, to suit special conditions. India requires one kind of treatment, Western Canada another, the ‘Lone Units’ a third. Australia, which from the first elected to be independent of the home ‘government’ and organised itself as six separate State associations, has just been helped to realise its own desire to fit into the structure of Toc H the World which may truly be called Peter’s Plan.

During the last few years the special problems of Toc H overseas have demanded the time and thought of the Honorary Administrator more and more. Not only intricate constitutional questions but many delicate personal ones are involved. There have been, of course, disappointments as well as rewards. Visibly this work

has brought Peter great anxieties and deep satisfactions alike. The results of his labours in building Toc H overseas, as well as at home, await the test of time, but we ought to look forward with confidence to the test. His building will surely endure, even though men may forget how great is their debt to the architect.

Our Man

We have attempted, very imperfectly, to appreciate the work: the moment has come, finally, to speak more personally of the worker. And this is a less easy duty, not because there is little to say but because there is so much—and it cannot all be said aloud here. It is a hard task, both for writer and victim, to praise a man to his face! Everyone who has known Toc H at all well during these twelve years and cared to see it grow, has admired Peter and what he has done for the cause to which he has given his best without stint. Those of us (and in the great mass of membership we are comparatively few) who have been privileged to work closely with him and really to know him have more than a feeling of admiration. We yield him a personal gratitude and a deep affection.

Behind a barrier of reserve, which the stranger finds it hard to penetrate, we have discovered a great heart. Holding, as Peter does, very strong personal convictions, he has schooled himself to remarkable fair-mindedness towards other people's views. What some have mistaken for pride we know to be the veil for a wonderful humility—loveliest of Christian virtues and perhaps, in this measure, the rarest. How often have we been embarrassed by an apology from him for some fancied injustice or impatience with our own stupidity! And how we came to enjoy a sharp dismissal of some suggestion we tried to make—because we knew that he was going to come back, in half an hour or a few days, having thought it over seriously, with his answer! If he had occasion to discipline us (and it seems to have been so rare) we knew how much more severe and constant was his discipline of himself. He has always been most strictly 'Honorary,' as General Secretary and then as Administrator. We guessed how little he has spent upon himself and how much on helping other people; we knew how meticulous he has been in not costing the funds of Toc H a single penny. He has been a leader we were glad to follow, but above all our friend. Whether in our work or in our intimate private affairs he has been there to help at any moment of difficulty, sometimes knowing what was wrong almost before we did ourselves. This is the test of true sympathy—which means suffering with other people. It is safe to say that we have never known a man more sympathetic than Peter. And all the time we were aware of his supreme anxiety at home, where Mrs. Monie was suffering from a long-drawn illness which might reach—and often did—a crisis at any moment. Peter's own ill-health and frequent sleeplessness added constantly to the burden of this care, but little was said as work went steadily on day by day. On February 9, only a few days before Peter finally surrendered his chair at Headquarters to Hubert Secretan, Mrs. Monie died—very quietly and almost without warning. In his bereavement, as in all his life among us, we give Peter the best gift we have—our love.

"The supreme need of Toc H twelve years ago was courageous faith . . . the supreme need now is for fidelity." That was Peter's farewell message at Leicester, but his own life teaches us this better than any words.

B. B.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

TO think fairly," said H.R.H. the Patron in his speech read at the Leicester Festival, "it is necessary to think straight." Thinking straight means quite a lot of difficult work. It means first getting the facts right, or as near right as possible, and this is often dull and usually difficult. It means getting principles clear, which is often quite exciting but generally more difficult still. Thirdly, it means relating the principles to the facts and so arriving at a practical answer to the question "What are we going to do about it?", and this is the hardest of all.

Here, then, are some facts of a kind to concern Toc H very closely. The National Association of Boys' Clubs recently made a survey of organized leisure occupations for boys between 14 and 18 in the County Boroughs, Boroughs and Urban Districts with a considerable population. This survey was made possible by the co-operation of the Ministry of Labour, Education authorities and the principal national organisations for boys. Where voluntary occupation is in question, absolute accuracy of figures is not possible, especially as some of the organisations do not record their own statistics in exactly the same age groups. It has also to be remembered that the same boy is often taking advantage of membership of a voluntary organisation and of classes (possibly in connection with it) run by the Education Authority, and so gets recorded twice. The nett result is that the figures may be taken as a sound general indication of the position, but that they are, for the reason just given, more favourable than the actual facts. What has all this dull stuff got to do with a live, cheerful thing like Toc H? Can't we leave statistics alone, they are difficult and boring and we want to get on with the job? Yes, but what is the job, in this particular connection? The figures, when we have learnt what they mean and how to read them, tell us that. Here they are then, in their simplest form:—

A. Boys 14-18 in towns surveyed	850,475
B. Still at school	130,737
C. At work or seeking work	719,738
D. Attending part-time classes	161,017
E. Members of voluntary organisations	151,302
F. No leisure time provision (50% of C. above)	*407,419

(*Note.—*This figure is too favourable because the same boy may be numbered both in D and E.*)

Now is the time to be alive, and excited, and cheerful, if you can. Paint your own picture. Each of those 400,000 lives is an individual with his life to live. Picture the ways, good, bad or indifferent, in which he may be spending those precious hours of leisure. Picture what sort of training for life he is getting, if you like what sort of raw material he is becoming for the ideas by which Toc H, and perhaps much more than Toc H, stands or falls. You won't find that picture very dull, or very abstract, or very inhuman.

Now, if you can bear one more lot of figures, here is a selection of towns, not specially selected but just average specimens. They are set down just as specimens, in almost every area in England and Wales (the survey does not cover Scotland),

so that we may realize that this matter, if it is a concern of Toc H, is a concern of Toc H all over the country, in small towns as well as big, and probably, though we have not figures to show for these, in country districts too.

Toc H Area in which town is situated.	Boys 14-18.	At School.	At work or seeking work.	Evening classes Clubs etc.
London (whole county)	245,279	21,501	223,778	68,393
In S.E. Area . . .	1,592	294	1,298	664
In E. Area . . .	2,632	545	2,087	1,253
In E. Mids. Area . .	2,254	446	1,808	1,048
In W. Mids. Area . .	1,229	174	1,055	406
In Salop & Worcs. Div.	1,441	404	1,037	732
In W. Yorks. Area . .	1,614	288	1,326	759
In E. & N. Yorks. Area	995	254	741	444
In N. Area	2,340	496	1,844	622
In S. Area	2,736	478	2,258	1,220
In S.W. Area	6,244	1,795	4,449	2,005
In W. Area	1,556	413	1,143	696
In S. Wales Area . .	5,572	1,236	4,336	1,436

The names of the towns are not given because the object of quoting these figures is not to concentrate attention on particular towns, but to show how widespread are the conditions they indicate. It is enough to say that Toc H exists in each of them.

So much for "bare facts." Now what about Toc H principles? The discrepancy between the number of boys provided with opportunity for training in their leisure hours and the total number of boys is clearly far too big to be accounted for by suggesting that they do not want the facilities. Here are numbers of boys needing service—service of the kind that makes men—and we know what the Toc H Compass has to say about that.

But we are bidden also to build "God's Kingdom in the wills of men." So many wills, stranded thus early in the shallows, when they should be learning to breast the stream of life, must surely impose a formidable obstacle to the accomplishment of that aim. Re-making men is a slower and more wasteful process than making them right first time.

We come, then, to the most difficult part of the whole matter. An easy, unthinking answer would be that of course Toc H must tackle this job, regardless of its knowledge of the technique, of its having in any given unit the men suited to learn the technique, and of the other things that it is as a movement committed to do.

Toc H is a way of life and we are committed utterly to spread that way, by example and infection among men. The time and energy that is given by so many to the spreading and strengthening of the visible Toc H is justified only in so far as the result is to spread a way of life. The task is so great that it seems to require all and more than all our available human resources. Must we, then, reluctantly stand aside from giving to these unserved boys the preparation which they need now if they are to catch and hold the Toc H way of life in the future? Must we choose between to-day and to-morrow?

So stated it looks like a dilemma, whose horns we cannot escape. But dilemmas are abstract kinds of beasts, and in real life are seldom as formidable as they look on paper. Let us suppose that a unit in one of the towns mentioned above, or anywhere for that matter, sits down to think out the problem.

Here are two things clearly needing to be done, each of them within the purpose of Toc H. Are they both within its power? Looked at that way, the problem becomes essentially a practical one. A frank survey of individual man-power within any unit would probably show that what the unit could do in *either* direction would be limited by the number of people who can work best with boys and the member who can work best with men. There are always the Admirable Crichtons who can tackle anything. But usually it will be found that the men who dedicate themselves to preparing the ground for Toc H to-morrow are not thereby diminishing the unit's strength for the task of building Toc H to-day and *vice-versa*. They are all in the same army, but they are units of different arms. Trained troops are required in either case as the men of Thoroughborough learnt in regard to boys (see October JOURNAL), and we are all steadily learning in regard to the job of Toc H with men.

Is there not, then, a case for units to discuss the matter on these lines, to see how their strength can be allotted and whether, after all, Toc H to-day and to-morrow are not incompatibles but both within the compass of our strength as they are within the Compass of our principles?

BARNABY.

“I.W.G.C.”

For the following article on the work of the Imperial War Graves Commission, especially in connection with Ypres, we are indebted to H. M. PEARSON (Shropshire District Secretary) who, while in the employ of the Commission, was responsible for the reinforced concrete work of the Menin Gate.

EVERY pilgrim to the Old House at Poperinghe includes in his itinerary a visit to “the Immortal Salient,” once a savagely scarred battleground, now a peaceful and prosperous countryside. For the pilgrim its most outstanding features are the War Cemeteries and Memorials, both great and small, which touch and quicken the heart of young and older men alike. Here and there by the wayside, the observant pilgrim notices a green metal notice-board, pointing perhaps down a muddy lane and bearing in white the letters “I.W.G.C.” and some such direction as “Irish House Cemetery.” What mean the letters—and who tends the graves in these cemeteries of ours?

The *Imperial War Graves Commission* (for such is the answer to both queries) came into being during 1917 when it received its Charter. It is truly Imperial, being composed of representatives from all the Dominions, each of which contributes to the cost of the work in proportion to their dead. Of the 1,104,890 men of the British Empire who gave their lives, approximately 80 per cent. came from the Mother Country. They lie buried or remembered in over 15,000 cemeteries scattered through the world in every continent; in Europe every country, save only Iceland, contains a British cemetery.

Whether the pilgrim wanders into a little cemetery—like that which lies upon the Ramparts near the Lille Gate at Ypres—or stands on the threshold of the largest in Belgium, Tyne Cot, that great open-air cathedral, where nearly 12,000 soldiers of the Empire have been laid to rest, he will notice several features common to both.

The Headstones and the two Memorials

First, rows of white headstones, rank upon rank, fill his eye. Each is the same in size and shape—for in death all men are equal. They stand, usually at regular intervals, strictly upright in a bed of flowers on a gracious green English sward. One has only to visit any old graveyard at home to see how the headstones become displaced by time and lean at all angles, and it was decided to spare no effort in making these soldiers' graves as permanent as was humanly possible. The War Graves engineers, therefore, constructed first of all a continuous concrete beam with a deep groove in its upper surface, and into this each headstone has been fitted and fixed with cement, so that it is held perfectly rigid. The curving top of the stone is designed to throw off the rain, and the face of it is hardened with preservative to guard against the weathering of the inscription with the passing of time.

The stone normally bears upon it the regimental badge of the dead soldier, cut into the flat surface of its face, and below is inscribed his name, rank and age. In the middle is engraved a plain cross or, in the case of a Jewish soldier, the six-pointed star of David. Below this may appear a text or short personal inscription, limited to a certain number of words, chosen by the relatives. All too often, especially in the Salient at Tyne Cot, one sees the inscription *An Unknown Soldier of the Great War*, and below the Cross the beautiful thought, “*Known unto God.*” At Tyne Cot (and in many other cemeteries) are to be found graves of German soldiers, named or unknown, now at rest among their late enemies in the spirit of that grandly simple memorial, set up by the Germans in 1917 in their cemetery at Cambrai, which bears the inscription, in four languages, *The Sword divides, the Cross unites*. The stones of the German War Graves, which are now beginning to replace their temporary wooden crosses in Flanders, are slightly taller than ours, flat at the top and engraved in a different, but very dignified, style of lettering. Many of these can be seen at Lissenthoek, just west of Poperinghe, where prisoners of war died among our own men in the hospitals of ‘Remy Siding.’

Secondly, there are the two memorials, which are designed to harmonise perfectly with their surroundings and to express a twofold meaning. Of these there is no doubt that the *Cross of Sacrifice* strikes most observers as the chief. A tall, simple Cross of white stone stands on a great octagonal base, surmounting three shallow steps; a huge bronze sword is fastened to it—“a stark Sword brooding on the bosom of the Cross.”* This lovely design is the work of Sir Reginald Blomfield, and is to be found in all cemeteries. Next comes the *Stone of Remembrance*, the conception of Sir Edward Lutyens, a great squared block of stone, twelve feet in length and of fine proportions, also standing on three shallow steps. Its face bears the inscription *Their name liveth for evermore*. In some of the smaller cemeteries there is not room for this memorial.

* The Cross of Sacrifice is sometimes used as a war memorial at home, e.g., by the Borough of Chelsea in Sloane Square, London.

The Gardens of Rest

Around the rows of graves are trim garden beds, rich in flower and foliage, which are all planted and tended by the hands of British gardeners. The gardeners, of course, have made their homes in the nearest convenient town or village, and many of them have married French or Belgian wives. At Ypres there is a small permanent colony of such men, and over 100 of their children, often speaking Flemish as their native language at home, attend the English School (built by Eton College), which stands next door to the little English Church of St. George. A few War Graves gardeners live in and around Poperinghe itself. It may be worth reminding our own pilgrims to the Salient of some words of Sir Fabian Ware, the head of the I.W.G.C. : he writes of " those cemeteries tended reverently and lovingly by a British gardener, a man who himself fought in the War, but who rarely sees one of his own countrymen and to whom a word of encouragement, thanks and wonder at the beauty of his work may give new strength and be long remembered."

More is needed than grass and flowers to counterbalance the uniformity of long ranks of white headstones in the larger cemeteries, and this is secured by the architectural treatment of gateways or the surrounding walls, or by the addition of shelters and stone seats. Examples of this, familiar to all pilgrims to the Salient, are the columned gateway at Sanctuary Wood and the great curving wall at the top of Tyne Cot, inscribed with the names of the missing, which is broken by deep bays enclosing a grass-plot, and which ends in large cupolas on the North and South, surmounted by a kneeling angel in stone. The cemeteries, for all their uniformity, have an endless variety. Each is laid out with careful forethought to suit its size and shape and the lie of the land, and no two are exactly alike.

As the pilgrim leaves these Gardens of Rest, he should notice the little recess, with its bronze door, which contains a printed register of all graves in this particular piece of ground and a visitors' book, and should turn to take a last glimpse of the simple iron gates and the inscription on their posts which records that the land which the cemetery occupies has been generously given to the British Empire in perpetuity by the country in which it is situated. He may well remember then the words of Rupert Brooke :—

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust which England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

Memorials to the Missing

The work of the War Graves Commission is not confined to making and keeping the cemeteries or to the stupendous task of compiling and checking the Register of names. No efforts have been spared in the erection of worthy monuments of a commemorative nature. The number of " missing " in the British forces, *i.e.*, those who have no known grave, reaches the extraordinary high total of well over half a million, scattered throughout the globe. This total includes, of course, not only men

THE LION.

PLATE IX.



THE LION OF THE MENIN GATE.

Photograph by M. Daniel.



THE HALL OF MEMORY NEARLY COMPLETED.

Photograph by M. Daniel.



UNVEILING THE INSCRIPTION, JULY 24, 1927.

Photograph by H. Seymour.

whose bodies have never been found at all, but also those who could not be identified but are buried as "Unknown Soldiers." The names of these men are commemorated on the Memorials to the Missing, which have been set up on every point where they served. Many of these are well-known—Tower Hill (to men of the Merchant Marine on war service), Loos, the Menin Gate and Tyne Cot in the Salient, Thiepval on the Somme, Helles in Gallipoli, Basra in Mesopotamia—these are some of the larger ones. Of these, the Menin Gate is the most familiar to Toc H pilgrims and probably to most of our countrymen.

The immense structure, built astride the Menin Road at the point where it leaves the walls of Ypres, consists of a great Hall of Memory through which the traffic passes in and out of the city. This Hall is 120 feet long and 66 feet wide, spanned by a single semi-elliptical arch with a coffered ceiling and three circular bronze-lined light 'wells' open to the sky. From the centre springs a broad stairway on either side, which divides and leads up to the Ramparts and gives access to a Loggia lying on each side of the Main Hall and running the whole length of the structure. Above the arch on the outer side a huge recumbent stone lion looks proudly and defiantly eastwards, while at the other end, facing the city, a flag-draped sarcophagus crowns the entrance. On panels of Portland stone, sent over from the Mother Country, which line the main hall and the walls of the loggias and stairways, the names of 54,375 officers and men, missing in the Salient, have been engraved by British stone-carvers. The dedication inscribed upon the Menin Gate runs—*To the Armies of the British Empire who stood here from 1914 to 1918 and to those of their Dead who have no known grave.*

It was desirable—and ultimately inevitable—that a division of the names of the missing should be made, for while hundreds of thousands of troops marched out of Ypres at this spot on their way up to the line, a great many thousands fell on Passchendaele Ridge, the scene of most desperate fighting. And so it is fitting that at Tyne Cot Cemetery, on the slopes of the Ridge, the balance of the names should be recorded. The date selected for the division of the list was August 15, 1917, the year of the Third Battle of Ypres, in which Passchendaele, so long contested and not until November of that year finally secured, is the ominous outstanding name. The missing from that date onward to the end, whose names are carved on the great screen wall at Tyne Cot, numbered 34,888. This brings the grand total of the Salient's missing up to 89,263, out of over a quarter of a million of our men who fell in that small area.

Round Ypres

The pilgrim who wishes to trace the handiwork of the I.W.G.C. in Ypres will find himself making an interesting tour of the ancient city. The road from Poperinghe, if he goes straight ahead, will bring him to the Prison, a dressing station during the War, now only partially rebuilt. Under the shadows of its ruins at the back lies the Reservoir Cemetery, in which the Stone of Remembrance has served Toc H parties several times as an altar. Members of some earlier pilgrimages will not forget kneeling on the grass there, among the young trees, while Tubby and other Padres stood upon the steps to celebrate Communion at this great table of white stone in the freshness of an early Summer morning. All round them, under the white stones standing in orderly ranks and companies, slept the bodies of their Elder Brethren, and before their eyes was the fine inscription—*Their name liveth for evermore.*

Return now, across the Station Square, and past Skindles Hotel at the corner, and start upon that path which leads you on to the Ramparts. On the left, facing the side of the Hotel, the remains of the Headquarters of the I.W.G.C. can still be seen. Just beyond them is the archery ground of the Guild of Saint Sebastian with its tall feathered mast—a common sight in almost every village of this neighbourhood, for archery is a very sociable national sport in Flanders. The path bends gradually to the left, flanked on the West side by the broad waters of the Moat with its rustling reeds and patient fishermen and on the City side by the massive, ruinous block of the Barracks, and brings you—just before the Lille Gate is reached—to the entrance of the tiny Ramparts Cemetery. There is none more beautiful and quiet than this, with its Cross of Sacrifice commanding the grassy slopes, bright with flowers between the rows of graves. Or it is lovely on a quiet December afternoon as the sun sinks in golden haze. Or, again, in Springtime, as “Grim” saw the whole scene in a story in the JOURNAL:

“ Below us the still water of the moat reflected the sky, and out beyond, for miles, ran the level roads and flat fields, rising to the low escarpment of Hill 60, and, on the limits of vision, to the blue mound of Kemmel Hill. The spreading plume of smoke of a train emerging from Railway Cutting towards the city was touched pink by the low sun. It all looked so gentle and uneventful in this evening mood that no stranger to its recent history could have pictured its other aspect—the sodden and tortured ground, lashed by sheets of rain from a ragged sky, spouting columns of smoke and black mud from shell bursts, lit by winking points of fire, filled from end to end with savage noise and the stench of decay, and unremitting work and weariness and agony. This evening the little green plot in which we stood seemed the quietest place in the landscape. In it we stood above the city, and beyond its Saturday night bustle: no sound came to us but a broken rhythm of church bells, near and far, and the rich, deliberate singing of a blackbird in some bush beyond the Gate. The perfectly tended beds between the headstones of the graves were beautiful with their few early flowers, and just beside us a rose-bush was putting on its first precocious rose.”

On the bridge itself which spans the Lille Road, leading out of Ypres to Shrapnel Corner not far distant, a splendid view can be had across the Salient to the low hills which form its outer lip. Immediately below is the first house of the Rue de Lille, a quaint timbered cottage, which is a careful replica of the ancient dwelling-place, the oldest in Ypres, as it stood there till the War. And further up the street, not actually discernible from here, stands the convent which was once “Little Talbot House.”

The Ramparts and the Gate

Continue your way, past the rusty guns, along the path which swings still to the left. Now you stand upon the highest part of the famous Ramparts and can study their structure more closely. Built by Vauban, the great French architect and military engineer in the 18th century, they defied every assault of modern artillery in the Great War: their brickwork (as you can still see) was gashed and peeled, but never penetrated. For these outer walls are over fifteen feet thick at the base and the whole Rampart is very broad. It is laid out in a series of bastions, at each of which steps run down to the water’s edge to allow sortie parties to emerge: at each exit guarding these there is a little niche for an image, so that courage could be strengthened before the fight. During the War, this great mass of fortification was honeycombed with dug-outs and shelters.

And now before you lies the Menin Gate, a massive modern centre which accords well with this ancient strength. During its construction difficulty was found in excavating through the solid old brickwork for foundations, and in the course of it a number of stone cannon-balls were found, tokens that, even while its defences were being reared, the ancient city had been under bombardment. The side loggia of the Gate are now full in view, and the Lion lies out boldly against the sky. It is lovely to watch the Summer twilight failing slowly as it plays upon the stone pillars and plinths. To walk in the dusk through the loggias, with their endless columns of carven names, may be depressing to the spirit, but come down into the lofty Hall of Memory and stand with your fellow-members on the edge of the pavement. The traffic stops: the Belgian buglers step into the centre and sound the *Last Post*. The call rings clear under the high roof and ends on that high note of hope. And afterwards the pilgrims, standing together amid so great a cloud of witnesses, say the words of "Light"—

*With proud thanksgiving . . .
We will remember Them.*

NOTE: The Menin Gate was opened on July 24, 1927 by Lord Plumer, in the presence of Albert, King of the Belgians, and a great company, with the ringing words "He is not missing: he is here!" The writer of the above article, in a letter to the Editor, says: "To me fell the great honour of actually unveiling the Gate. Unseen and standing behind the Lion I anxiously awaited the buzz from the bell-push which I had fixed for Lord Plumer on the dais below. I can feel now the heat of the sun on the white stone as I cut with barbed-wire cutters the wire which released a couple of sand-bags and allowed the great 12 ft. bar to drop, carrying the three flags (which I had sewn together) with it."

Tubby was one of the clergy who took part officially in the opening ceremony. He wrote a prayer for the occasion (to be found in *The Toc H Treasury of Prayers and Praises*):— *Within this Gate let wisdom cry, O Lord, and judgments of truth and peace proceed among all nations; that whoso goeth out and in may in their ways prepare Thy way. By this make all men mindful of those homes which never here may know where Thou hast laid their loved ones; nor be Thyself ashamed to call them brethren, who tasted for our sakes Thy cup of unknown sorrow. Behold, they were dead and are alive again, they were lost and are found in Jesus Christ Our Lord. Amen.*



MULTUM IN PARVO

¶ TUBBY and Padre BAGGALLAY left Colombo on February 20 and are travelling homewards slowly. All Toc H will be glad to know that TUBBY's health shows definite improvement, but it is our first duty to the Founder Padre to refrain from making any attempt to ask him to book engagements for some time after his return.

¶ The Annual Meeting of the CENTRAL COUNCIL will be held in London on April 27.

¶ REX CALKIN and A. S. GREENACRE ("Greeno") landed in England from Australia on February 2. REX has resumed his duties as General Secretary at Headquarters; GREENO has temporarily taken ALAN COWLING's place as Area Secretary, East Midlands.

¶ HERBERT LEGGATE, with Mrs. Leggate, landed in England from New Zealand on February 15. He has been appointed Area Padre, South Eastern Area.

¶ Since Rex Calkin's return ROBERT K. WOOD (Adelaide) has been appointed Hon. Australian Commissioner. ALAN COWLING (late Area Secretary, East Midlands) sailed from England on February 13 and is due to reach Adelaide early in April: he has been appointed Secretary to the Australian Executive.

¶ GEOFFREY MARTIN, after handing over the Secretaryship of the South African Council to MICHAEL WESTROPP, will return to England and will join the staff in the London Areas in August.

¶ ALEC CHURCHER will leave the London Areas staff after the summer and go out to Toc H New Zealand.

¶ Padre J. G. CHAMBERS, late of Capetown, took up residence in Southampton in January as Area Padre, Southern Area. Our welcome, if belated in this column, is none the less sincere.

¶ RONALD P. T. ANDERSON, who reached England on November 5 last for a period of training with Toc H at home, sailed again for South Africa on February 15, where he will take up whole-time duty as Secretary for the Transvaal.

¶ We regret to announce that Padre F. N. ROBATHAN has resigned his work in the Northern London Area owing to ill-health.

¶ R. S. S. ("Dick") THOMAS (acting Secretary, Western Area) has resigned from the staff to take up another appointment, in which we wish him every success.

¶ The friends of Capt. R. A. C. RADCLIFFE, formerly Warden of the Toc H Club for Seafaring Boys at Southampton, will be glad to know of his whereabouts. He is now Organiser of the Durham County Federation of Boys' Clubs: his address is 1, Elms West, Sunderland.

¶ The Tenth AUSTRALIAN BIRTHDAY FESTIVAL will be held in Melbourne from May 1 to 11. The Australian Conference will meet on May 1, 2 and 3. The Thanksgiving Service at the Cathedral and the Festival Guest-night at the Town Hall will take place on May 4. From May 6 to 11 there will be a Family Coach-tour to visit Toc H in the countryside of Victoria.

¶ The Toc H 'SEVEN-A-SIDE' RUGGER TOURNAMENT will be held on April 13 at the Sports Ground, New Barnet. All entries should reach Geoffrey Batchelor, 42, Trinity Square, E.C.3, by March 20.

¶ The Toc H ATHLETIC SPORTS will be held on May 25, beginning at 3 p.m., on the Sports Ground, New Barnet. It is hoped that there will be many entries from the Eastern, South Eastern and other Areas, as well as London. For the first time certain events will be arranged for members of L.W.H. All entries should be sent to W. J. Musters, 47, Francis Street, S.W.1.

WALLINGFORD FARM TRAINING COLONY

COL. RONNIE GRANT, the Warden of Wallingford, has sent us the following appeal:—

" REQUIRED for domestic service, a married couple as cook and parlourman, willing to work with and train boys. Wages £80, including board, lodging and washing. Apply: THE WARDEN, TURNERS COURT, BENSON, OXON.

FAIRMINDEDNESS

IN his message to the Lamp Lighting Festival at Leicester, the Prince of Wales urged the necessity of clear and creative thinking about Toc H and the part it is destined to play in this country after the solution of our immediate problems. "Do not slacken your allegiance to the first two Points of the Compass," he said, "but bring them into relationship with the third—"Fairmindedness."

There seems to me little doubt that in the past we have tended to emphasise Fellowship and Service, and, whilst giving lip-service to the third Point, have not grasped its real significance. This is probably because Fellowship and Service appear visible and attractive means of expressing the Toc H spirit, whilst Fairmindedness seems rather an intangible, not to say negative, virtue. We do not always remember that if Toc H is to demand the whole of a man's personality, the mind must play its part as well as the heart and hand.

Have you ever thought of the Four Points of the Compass, not as a compass, but in the formation of a heart—the heart of Toc H—with fairmindedness at the base, leading through fellowship and service on either side, up to, and merging into, the "Kingdom of God" at the top?

That metaphor, if metaphor it can be called, shows, I believe, what we call the points of the Compass in their right relationship. The metaphor of the compass in Toc H is a valuable one, but we must be careful not to try and carry the analogy with the compass too far, because it is obvious that the four Toc H points are in no way co-equal as are the four points of the Mariner's compass.

The main job of Toc H as a movement is to show the world that there is a body of men who can live together with love and joy and fellowship; in other words, a body of men who try to put their relationships with one another on the highest possible level. It is the third point of the Compass, fairmindedness, which gives us the key to these relationships, and, in fact, the key to what should be the relationship of Toc H men with the world at large.

Now, as I have already indicated, most of us are content to give lip-service to the idea of fairmindedness without further consideration of the matter, or any analysis of what exactly is involved. Thus we often meet well-intentioned people, inside and outside Toc H, who are most unfairminded in many of their judgments, in spite of the fact that they recognise the value and necessity of fairmindedness.

I am not concerned here with the individuals, societies or newspapers which have no real desire to be fairminded, but I am concerned with the case of the Toc H member who is pledged to this attitude of mind, and to the man in the street who makes sincere attempts to reach the ideal.

In order to discover the cause of the common failure, and its cure, let us first define "fairmindedness." Is it not the ability to see ourselves and the world in a purely detached manner, or to use the psychological term, to see things from an objective point of view? This ability has its bearing not only on the wider and deeper things of life, but on every little problem, human and otherwise, with which we are brought in contact.

The extent to which we acquire this attitude of mind and life in all its details governs the extent to which we acquire pure fairmindedness and disinterestedness. The completely subjective individual is quite incapable of forming an impartial opinion of any matter which concerns himself, because he cannot see himself and his relationship to the point in question from a purely detached point of view. He fails to realise that on questions that affect our own interests we are not naturally fairminded, and that only by allowing for the bias and prejudice of our position can we achieve an impartial judgment. A simple little example will explain what I mean. The other day I was arguing with a friend as to the desirability of the replacement of trams by 'buses. I maintained that trams are an anachronism, whilst my friend maintained that they were more economical and better for many other reasons. Actually, the real reason why I prefer 'buses is because I am a motorist, and 'buses do not hinder my progress to the same extent as trams, and the real reason why my friend championed trams is because there is a very convenient service from his doorstep. Both of us argued at the time as if in the national interest, but in reality our judgments were dictated by our own interests.

One can find instances of this tendency towards self-deception amongst individuals and associations of individuals everywhere. Think of any of the contentious social problems of to-day and you will find that the people who oppose reform, and do so, as they say, in the national interests, have personal interests at stake.

The chief attribute of fairmindedness is the ability to take a detached and disinterested point of view and, where necessary, to allow for one's natural bias—in short, the completely objective attitude of a good judge hearing a case.

For Toc H men, however, clear judgment is not sufficient to fulfil the third point of the Compass. Where persons are concerned, their judgment must be tempered with a generous, as well as an understanding, spirit. We are pledged to fellowship as well as fairmindedness, and the former implies that our mental attitude should be kind and generous, as well as strictly fair. It is sometimes easy to realise why a man holds a biased opinion, but if we are generous-minded we shall realise that he has probably taken up that attitude quite sincerely and unwittingly, and that in the other directions we ourselves may make similar or worse mistakes. In short, I believe there are three qualifications for fairmindedness in Toc H—

1. Desire to achieve it.
2. Ability to take an objective view of oneself and everything in life.
3. The infusion of a generous spirit into our thoughts and opinions.

One final point, there are people in Toc H who are afraid that fairmindedness taken to its logical conclusion would result in their seeing other people's point-of-view to such a degree that they would cease to have any opinions of their own. This view is, of course, quite a mistaken one. You cannot be too fairminded. Absolute fairmindedness does not mean that we lose our own opinions, but that we improve and adjust them.

We must always have in the background, so to speak, our own particular faith and sense of values upon which to test the opinions and actions of ourselves and others. Fairmindedness must be the means by which we bring the details of life to the judgment of our beliefs.

GEOFFREY JOHNSON.

FURTHER EDUCATION FOR ALL

Further education after the age of fourteen for all the nation's children is a living question of the moment and therefore one on which members of Toc H ought to keep themselves informed, to be ready to form an opinion and to influence the thinking of their fellow-citizens. We are able this month to present them with three short articles which we hope may form the basis of a 'Family Night' discussion in many units—first a general statement of the position, and then some details about the two main lines (not necessarily alternatives but possible to combine) of advance, as they are being tried out in two actual cases. We are indebted for the account of the Day Continuation Schools at Rugby to Mr. R. G. HOSKING and for that of Raising the School Age at Bath to Mr. A. W. HOYLE.

I. The Problem

THREE has lately been much discussion in the papers and elsewhere about longer and better education. The *Times* has recently had a most interesting series of letters, particularly about the steps taken by progressive firms for the education of their young employees. It is quite likely that before long actual decisions will have to be taken.

Toc H cannot pretend to be indifferent to the kind of training for life which the rising generation is getting. The mental and physical quality of these boys matters a lot to Toc H of to-morrow and still more to the task which Toc H is trying to perform, that of helping men to understand each other, to have clear thoughts as well as fair thoughts, to throw in their personal weight where it can most serve, according to each man's honest judgment, to build a better future.

Here, then, is a subject, the right policy for the nation in the training of future citizens, which deserves, even demands, collective heart-searching and frank discussion on the part of the family. Here are some main points which may help to focus such a family pooling of experience and ideas in any unit.

1. *The present position.* Compulsory school attendance is now up to the end of the term following the fourteenth birthday. In a few small areas it is extended to fifteen. Scholarships and free places permit of a small number (say, ten per cent.) continuing full-time education to sixteen in Central Schools or longer still in technical or secondary schools. In Rugby there are compulsory part-time Day Continuation Schools. Some big firms (e.g., the Post Office) send their young employees to Day Continuation Schools run by the local authority, some others run works schools. Unemployed boys in most areas have to attend Juvenile Instruction Centres five half-days a week.
2. *The Fisher Plan.* Mr. Fisher's Education Act of 1918 planned for all boys, up to sixteen at first, then up to eighteen, to attend Day Continuation Schools for the equivalent of one day a week. The plan was tried in London and broke down, partly because of trade depression, partly because it was restricted to London only, and so London boys were placed at a disadvantage in competition for jobs with those outside.
3. *The Hadow Plan.* The famous Hadow Report ("The Education of the Adolescent") proposed the re-organisation of elementary schools into junior

schools (up to eleven) and senior schools. It planned a four years' course for the senior schools and this involved raising the school age to fifteen. The re-organisation is well advanced, but the raising of the age has not been proceeded with.

4. The high birth-rate immediately after the war was followed by a steady decline. It follows that from now onwards there will be for some time a reduction in the number of children of school age. There will be more room in the schools, but the demand for, and therefore the wages offered to, juvenile labour are likely to increase.

Before the family discusses the question it needs one or two members to study the facts in rather more detail than in the brief sketch above. They should then be in a position to consider usefully such vital questions as these :

1. Is it sound for a boy to be part-time at work, part-time at school? Some people say that experience of real life brings reality into what is learnt at school, others the reverse.
2. Are the raising of the school age to fifteen and compulsory part-time Day Continuation Schools to sixteen or beyond, alternatives between which we must choose, or do we need both? If the former, which is most valuable?
3. If we are to have D.C.S., how much time a week must they have? A day, two days, half the week?
4. How is such a system going to affect industry? Will it make chaos of business organisation? (Consider the experience of the firms that already do it). Will industry gain in the long run by the better capacity of its young recruits?
5. What should the training be? For citizenship, for leisure, for technical efficiency? Is it real education to make a slicker mass production worker? But on the other side, cannot a boy's daily occupation be made the foundation of a general education? When he finds that theory helps him in practice, will not his interest be stimulated?
6. Can we, as a nation, afford this education for our boys? Alternatively, can we (watching what other nations are doing) afford not to give it them?

One Family Night, did we say? Two or three, most likely, for here is a question which goes to the heart of the England of to-morrow.

H. A. S.

II. The Day Continuation School at Rugby

With the passing of the "Fisher" Education Act in 1918 a new field of activity lay open to Education Authorities, and the Rugby Further Education Committee, fired with enthusiasm for a scheme of extended Education after fourteen, expressed a desire to implement the new Act. Rugby was then only an Urban District; it was not, and still is not, its own Education Authority, but the new scheme has the sympathy of the Warwickshire County Council, and two schools, on the lines laid out in the Act, were started in 1920 at Stratford-on-Avon and Rugby. Other schools were started in the country under other Local Education Authorities, but the mere fact that it was not universal led to difficulties,

Some Difficulties

The introduction of the scheme on the country piecemeal, led, as it always will lead under such conditions, to a handicap on young people seeking employment who had to attend School, as compared with those from adjacent areas who, for the moment, were free from School attendance conditions.

The unfortunate circumstances were intensified by a wave of industrial depression about 1920, with its consequent volume of unemployed juveniles, and—rightly or wrongly (often the latter)—the Schools were blamed for much of this unemployment, and storms of protest were raised just when they required a period of quiet encouragement and support to allow the scheme to develop and mature.

The industrial depression also brought with it the call for economy in the Social Services, by the process known as the 'Geddes Axe'; and after a short life, the scheme of compulsory Day Continuation Schools was withdrawn, except in Rugby, for a more favourable season. The Rugby Day Continuation School, however, in spite of some very difficult times, has gone from strength to strength, and is now so much a part of the town, that Rugby without a Day Continuation School is unthinkable. The School has been open since April 1920, and takes all young people between the ages of 14 and 16 resident or employed within the Borough boundaries (Rugby was created a Borough in 1932) for 320 hours per annum.

The School Programme

The School is open from 8.30 a.m. to 12.15 p.m., and from 1.15 to 5.0 p.m. on five days per week. The pupils attend one full day of $7\frac{1}{2}$ hours per week for 43 weeks each year, giving a possible attendance of $322\frac{1}{2}$ hours per annum. To meet the cases of those few who find attendance on one full day difficult, one group of boys (mainly milk distributors and errand boys) meets on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, and one group of girls, always very small, meets on Tuesday and Friday afternoons.

There are three main terms each year when pupils leave the elementary schools and are admitted to the Day Continuation School. All new entrants in any given term, constituting one complete age-group, attend on the same day. This enables classification, which is carried out mainly on attainments, to be effected or changed as occasion demands, without interfering with the days on which the young persons are normally following their occupations.

Originally, each age-group contained three classes (each of about 25) for each sex, i.e., 150 in each age-group. Six age-groups give 900 pupils, but as these are to be dealt with in five days, one day, Tuesday, carries a double load. The high birth-rate of 1919-1922 has increased these numbers to between 900 and 1,000.

It is important to note that: (a) The size of classes is largely restricted to those which can be accommodated for practical subjects like Cookery and Handicrafts, for, with only one day available, it is not practicable to deal with any but complete class groups in these subjects. (b) The power given to the Local Education Authority to fix the day of school attendance is of the utmost importance to satisfactory grading. Without this power pupils would be distributed throughout the week with so little order as to render satisfactory grading impossible. Provision is made to meet special wishes of employers, but these can be kept within limits.

Subjects Taught

Very little vocational training is practical, even if it were desirable, for, in general, the ultimate vocations of the pupils are by no means clear in these ages, but certain broad vocational divisions indicated below give slight variations in the distribution of the subjects. (The figures represent hours).

Boys.

			Industrial.	Distributive Trades.	Agriculture.
English	1 $\frac{7}{8}$	1 $\frac{7}{8}$
Workshop	1 $\frac{7}{8}$	1 $\frac{7}{8}$
Experimental Science	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	—	—
Physical Training	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	—
Mathematics and Drawing	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	—	—
Commercial Arithmetic	—	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	—
Book-keeping	—	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 $\frac{1}{4}$
Rural Science and Measurements	—	—	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Agricultural History	—	—	1 $\frac{1}{4}$

GIRLS.

			Commercial.	Housecraft.	Agriculture.
English	1 $\frac{7}{8}$	1 $\frac{7}{8}$
Physical Training	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	—
Domestic Science and Needlecrafts	1 $\frac{7}{8}$	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	3
Mathematics	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	—	—
Art	—	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	—
French	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	—	—
Book-keeping	—	—	1 $\frac{1}{4}$
Agricultural History	—	—	1 $\frac{1}{4}$

The days as distributed among the subjects may appear short, but on this three things may be said:—

- In the words of the Lewis Report, it provides " a handrail over the perilous waters of adolescence."
- Teaching deals in a realistic manner with present-day problems which puzzle the thoughtful young person.
- It is used to tempt pupils to take up additional work provided in the evening classes, so that two or three evenings per week voluntary attendance may be added to the compulsory day.

Evening Classes and other Opportunities

The consequent demand on the Evening Classes is so great that students have to be rationed in their attendance.

All Students have a free choice of Evening Classes, which include:—

- Literature and Drama, Instrumental Music, Physical Training, Folk Dancing, Scientific and Handicraft Circles, Typing, Shorthand, French, Women's Crafts, etc.

(b) *Students' Committees* where a knowledge of standing orders and Committee procedure is developed in arranging social functions, games, excursions, visits, etc.

Each "day" of attendance corresponds to a "house" at a boarding school, and a natural "day" rivalry arises around which social and athletic functions are built. These provide opportunities for those who do not always find academic learning easy, to gain experience and inspiration from service to the small community.

(c) *Other Functions.* Around this framework a host of activities are built which can find no place in any organised time-table, but which are of the greatest value to pupils, such as exhibitions, excursions, dinners, socials, etc.

The School is the Junior Section of the College of Technology and Arts, and the path to further voluntary education after sixteen is difficult to avoid.

Choice of Employment is administered at the School, and the Organiser of Further Education is the Juvenile Employment Officer, and thus is able to do a great deal in guiding young people into suitable employment.

Each young person is medically inspected annually, and defects discovered are followed up every term.

Education for Life

The history of the Rugby Day Continuation School has not been free from the misrepresentations and misunderstandings which were responsible for the closing of other Continuation Schools, though the larger and many smaller employers have always given magnificent support. But time (which was denied other schools), patience, tact and goodwill, turns hostility to mild interest, which, in turn, becomes real valuable live interest, and antagonism is replaced by co-operation to the ultimate benefit of both School and industry. The School gains by the searchlight of public criticism and by the example of material efficiency with which industry in the main is conducted, and industry gains a richer humanitarian outlook.

Young persons gain by taking the change from full-time school to full-time employment gradually, instead of, as it were, suddenly and violently changing gears at fourteen. Furthermore, contact with employment gives to young people a realistic view of future responsibilities, endowing their school work with a more serious purpose, awakening their ambition, and spurring them to renewed effort.

The Day Continuation School provides a type of education which so clearly bears on the work in life of these young people that even those who have looked upon school as a necessary evil are stimulated to make what is, to all intents and purposes, a fresh start; experience has shown repeatedly that many such young people become metamorphosed from the very dull into the very bright. This is, of course, because their real interest has been awakened, probably for the first time—a *sine qua non* for progress of any kind. School was to them a mere passing phase, but their work is their life's interest, and everything that is allied to it, and likely to help them in it, is absorbed with avidity.

First contact with employment is a great adventure for anybody, arousing a tide of enthusiasm. A Continuation School associates education with this tide, and this association has never been really tried for the whole stream of young people in any area outside Rugby. R. G. HOSKING.

III. Raising the School Leaving Age at Bath

LOCAL Education Authorities and Associations of Authorities have recently passed resolution after resolution recommending the raising of the school leaving age to fifteen without exemptions. Notwithstanding this pressure by Local Authorities the Government does not appear at the present time disposed to take steps to promote legislation with a view to raising the school leaving age to fifteen throughout the country.

It is not intended in this article to deal with the case for full-time education in day schools for all children to fifteen years of age. The intention is rather to state briefly the experience of an Education Authority which has raised the school leaving age to fifteen by Bye-law under the Education Act, 1921, with power to grant exemptions. One may be inclined to ask "Why do Local Education Authorities desire the Government to take further action when the Local Authorities already have power under the Education Act, 1921, to raise the leaving age to fifteen in their own areas?"

Pros. and Cons.

The answer to this question is that the raising of the leaving age to fifteen without exemptions in particular areas only, would create serious difficulties and misunderstandings. Parents living in contiguous areas expect to be subject to the same major requirements respecting the education of their children. Employers in one area should not be allowed to recruit juvenile workers at fourteen years whilst employers in an adjoining area are prevented from engaging young workers before they are fifteen years of age.

If one Authority raises the leaving age to fifteen years, whilst neighbouring authorities allow children to leave at fourteen years, a sense of injustice will develop. No matter how lucidly the matter is explained, a parent cannot, or will not, see why his child of fourteen cannot go to work at a certain mill whilst his neighbour's child, also fourteen years of age but living across the road in the area of the neighbouring Education Authority, can go to work at that same mill.

Yet in spite of the obvious disadvantages arising from raising the leaving age in particular areas, certain Local Education Authorities have actually taken this step and raised the leaving age to fifteen, but with exemptions. In other words, these Authorities have not compelled all children to stay at school to fifteen years of age. Their bye-laws generally include a proviso to the effect that "the Local Education Authority may grant exemption from the obligation to attend school to individual children between the ages of fourteen and fifteen for such time and upon such conditions as the Authority think fit in any case where, after due enquiry the circumstances seem to justify an exemption."

What is the actual experience of an Authority which has raised the leaving age in this way "with exemptions"? One Authority raised the leaving age to fifteen a few years ago and set up machinery for granting exemptions in individual cases. Exemption is granted in the case of a child between the ages of fourteen and fifteen, if the child obtains suitable work, the suitability being determined by a specially appointed sub-committee. Furthermore, each child so exempted must attend Evening School during the winter session for three, or in special cases, two evenings per week. If the child leaves the employment before attaining the age of fifteen years, he or she is required to return to day school and continue there until fifteen, unless another suitable post meriting exemption from attendance at school is secured. In actual practice, 99 per cent. of the posts obtained by children between fourteen and fifteen years of age are found to be suitable, and only in one per cent. of the cases is exemption refused. Many, therefore, argue that the bye-law has not had any effect, and that the time and money spent in granting the exemptions have been of no avail. The critic is justified in drawing attention to this fact. He will be strengthened in his criticism when he learns also that in this particular area, the percentage of children over fourteen years of age actually in the elementary schools is lower now than it was before the bye-law was brought into operation. But that is not quite all the story. When the Education Authority made the bye-law the Authority's intention was not to prevent children over fourteen from entering employment, but to prevent children under fifteen from leaving school to enter the ranks of the unemployed. The result is that in this area, at any rate, all children under fifteen are either employed or attending day school.

Further, practically all employed juveniles under fifteen attend Evening School for three nights a week and begin a course of further education which may and in many cases does, prove to be a great blessing to them in their years of adolescence.

Education and Employment

In this particular area there is a great demand for juvenile labour at the present time. Hence applications for exemption are numerous. If, however, the market changes, and industry cannot absorb all the juveniles leaving school, the operation of the bye-law will automatically prevent the children leaving school between fourteen and fifteen until they actually get work.

It is realised that the incidence of unemployment among young people between the ages of fourteen and fifteen years is only a part of the major problem of unemployment generally, and that whilst juveniles of fourteen are taking posts, possibly they are displacing young people of nineteen or twenty years of age, or even men and women. Consideration has been given to the possibility of devising an effective flexible scheme by which the Authority might vary the age (between the limits of fourteen and fifteen) below which exemptions should not be granted at all, according to the percentage of unemployment in the area amongst young persons under, say, 20 years of age. Under such a scheme, when there are very few unemployed juveniles under 20 years of age, exemption from attendance at school might be granted to any child over 14 who obtained suitable work, but when there are large numbers of young persons under twenty years of age unemployed,

exemption from attendance at school might be refused to all children under fifteen. A "sliding scale" might be devised to meet the conditions between these extremes. Such a scheme as this may look well on paper but in practice it is doubtful if it would work, whether attempted nationally or locally.

Thus, to summarise the effect of raising the school leaving age by bye-law with exemptions, we may say that in return for the trouble and expense of granting exemptions the Authority secures

- (a) that no child under fifteen shall leave school to enter the ranks of the unemployed;
- (b) that children between fourteen and fifteen years of age, if employed, shall attend evening school for two or three evenings per week.

The Authority does not necessarily secure

- (a) a lengthened school life for any or all the elementary school children;
- (b) any contribution towards a solution of the general problem of unemployment amongst either juveniles or adults.

NOTE.—For simplicity, reference to "end of the term in which the fourteenth (fifteenth) birthday occurs" has been omitted throughout.

A. W. HOYLE, *Director of Education, Bath.*

AN ADVENTURE IN FRIENDSHIP

THE many Toc H friends of 'Jock' Benemann of Hamburg, who have heard much of his Anglo-German Camps and in some cases have enjoyed their strenuous delights, will be glad to know that he is about to hold his first camp in England. Those who know 'Jock' well do not need to be reminded of his venture and his qualifications to lead it. In a series of camps, each lasting a month, he is bringing young men of different nations (up to now German and English principally) into close touch and understanding. The scheme involves much more than mere amusement; it claims men's whole bodies and minds; it includes not only sport but steady manual labour, physical training, music and serious discussion. His sheer enthusiasm has won him valuable allies in his country and our own and has already made three Anglo-German Camps a success.

The fourth Camp is to be held, from Sunday, March 31, to Tuesday, April 23, at Bryanston School, on the edge of Blandford in Dorset. The number of 'campers,' as before, is intended to be sixty—half

English, half German; the party of thirty Germans lands at Southampton on March 29. The whole party will be a good mixture, not only of nations; it will include workers, employed and otherwise, students and schoolboys; their ages will vary between 16 and 24. They will sleep in the fine School buildings and enjoy the use of the School tennis and squash courts, football field, gymnasium and the beautiful River Stour; the Dorset Downs lie gloriously all round. The cost for the whole period is £2 10s. od. Applications should be sent to Herr Jochen Benemann, Anglo-German Bureau, 75, Gower Street, W.C.1.

Is it necessary to repeat what was said in this JOURNAL last year (June, p. 275)—that this is a genuine attempt at understanding between the young men of two nations whose life and thinking, in some ways similar, is in many others worlds apart? Every member of the party is expected to hold his own opinions and is entirely free to express them. Only thus can true friendship be founded. Toc H members have helped 'Jock's' Camps already, and he needs them especially now. What offers?

AN INTERNATIONAL CHANTRY

AN organisation which, during the first two years of its existence, has become very widely known among young people in many different countries, will continue its work this summer and invites members of Toc H to take part in the courses which it will arrange.

This is the International Friendship Council of Ipswich, a voluntary body representative of numerous well-known organisations and individuals in East Anglia. The Council, of which the Mayor of Ipswich is President, was formed in the autumn of 1932, when, with the services of a full-time secretary, it proceeded to put into operation a plan for the organisation of the Chantry, Ipswich, as a residential centre where young people of different nationalities might spend their holidays together.

The Chantry, a Georgian mansion standing in a park of a hundred and twenty acres, was presented to the people of Ipswich some years ago by Lord Woodbridge. The place is, in fact, used as a public park, but with the permission of the Town Council, the Friendship Council has adapted the spacious rooms of the mansion as dormitories, recreation rooms, common rooms and offices, furnishing the house in a simple but attractive style as a residential hostel.

During the first season of this venture, the summer of 1933, nearly 400 young people stayed at the Chantry. The total number of visitors last summer was slightly less than this, as the maximum number in residence at any one time was limited to 80. Eleven different nationalities were represented at the Chantry last year—Germany, France, Switzerland, Holland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Spain, Finland, England and the Free State of Danzig. The season was divided into two sections: in June, young men and women up to 30 years of age were invited, and in July and August schoolboys and schoolgirls between the ages of 16 and 19 years were received. The latter came in groups composed of youngsters from different parts of the countries concerned, each group being accompanied by a senior leader.

The principal object of the Ipswich Friendship Council's work is, of course, to foster understanding and goodwill among young people of different nationalities, and the policy followed at the Chantry has undoubtedly accomplished much in this direction. Through the community life of the Centre and by following a varied programme which includes educational as well as holiday activities, the young people are able to get into touch with one another in a real and effective way, and there is no doubt that in the minds of many of them, prejudices and false ideas disappear to make way for a more tolerant understanding of the national outlook of others.

Toc H plays a useful part in this scheme. Kenneth Fisk, the present chairman of the Council, and one of the energetic little band of Ipswich folk who first promoted the idea, represents the local branch of Toc H on the Council. The foreign lads visiting the Chantry are entertained regularly in the Toc H club room, and as a result gain a somewhat clearer idea of the meaning of this movement—the depth of their knowledge depending upon the linguistic abilities of themselves and their Toc H hosts! They are also invited frequently to take part in expeditions, sports, etc., arranged by Toc H men. The latter, in fact, find many opportunities of giving a helping hand in this work—as may be witnessed by the Toc H student-

helpers resident in the Chantry, whose duties range from mending broken chairs to keeping law and order in dormitories shared by lads of four or five different nationalities!

The Chantry courses usually cover fortnightly periods. The programme includes excursions to centres of interest such as Cambridge, Colchester, and Norwich, and to nearby seaside resorts—Felixstowe (which is only a few miles from Ipswich), Southwold, Aldeburgh, Clacton-on-Sea, etc. In most of these places, as in Ipswich itself, Chantry Hospitality Committees exist, through which sightseeing and private entertainments are arranged. Activities at the Chantry include language classes, lectures, dances, concerts, folk-dancing, debates, etc., and, of course, sports.

It is a continual source of wonder to the foreign guests—and one of great encouragement to the organisers of the scheme—that, wherever help is sought in the matter of securing hospitality, special invitations or privileges for Chantry members, the requests are granted with alacrity. The warmth of this welcome does much to ensure the happiness and enjoyment of the young foreigners, and also convinces them of the Britisher's desire to be friends with his neighbours.

One of the most significant features of the work at the Chantry—viewing it as a constructive effort in the cause of international understanding—is the keenness with which the young people enter into the spirit of the movement and endeavour to put into practice the ideals upon which it is founded. This is not merely the result of persuasive propaganda (the Council, in fact, does not make much propaganda among its guests) but a natural development arising from the daily association of the young people one with the other. They are encouraged to think freely, but reasonably, upon problems affecting themselves and their fellow-guests, as a result of which a truly comradely spirit and mutual respect develops. Those who work for the Chantry hope that this spirit, coupled with the commonsense attitude which most young people of to-day display on the subject of peace and war, will help to lay the foundations of international harmony in the years to come.

The importance of the Chantry and its surroundings as a factor in the success of this scheme cannot be over-emphasized. In the park there is ample room in which to play freely and think clearly, and in the centre the simple routine and cheerful guidance of the leaders help to build up an excellent community spirit. The young people develop a great affection for the place, and there is no doubt that it is very specially suited to the purposes of an international youth centre.

“Chantry Clubs” have been formed in several countries, by those who have visited the Chantry. With the object of fostering this interest, the Council has just published a small magazine for distribution among its members at home and abroad. The English Chantry Club, composed chiefly of young men and women of Ipswich and district, holds club meetings at regular intervals during the winter months, and many members are this winter assiduously studying languages so that they may be able to hold their own in the linguistic field next summer.

During the coming summer a Senior Course will be held in June, in which members of Toc H are cordially invited to take part. The four weeks' course—June 1 to 28—costs £8. This includes excursions to Cambridge, Colchester, Felixstowe and Norwich, and all organised programme costs. Applicants may, however,



1. The Chantry, Ipswich. 2. French, Dutch, Swiss and Norwegians off to the Tennis Courts.
3. An English language class. 4. Farewell to a German Group.



DALRY HOUSE, HOME OF TOC H EDINBURGH.

enrol for weekly periods if desired, at the rate of £2 per week. Foreign visitors attending this course are usually students, young business people, or young teachers, of both sexes, and the maximum number accepted will be 70. In July and August four fortnightly courses will be held, for school groups (those of 16 to 19 years of age); the cost being £4 per fortnight, including excursions and organised programme.

Chantry guests are asked to pay an enrolment fee of 2s. 6d. each person, which covers membership of the Chantry International Friendship Centre for one year, the cost of a Chantry Badge, and a free copy of the annual Chantry magazine.

All Toc H men interested in this scheme are asked to write to the Secretary as soon as possible. Address: Miss Jean Swift, The Chantry, Ipswich.

AN AULD HOOSE

FROM a chip shop to a mansion sounds like the story of a self-made man, or the dream of a novelist, but it covers the wanderings of Edinburgh Branch. The long search for a home has at last come to an end, and could scarcely have come to one which would give more opportunity or better environment for service.

Dalry House has stood for some three hundred years, at first in the green countryside where little could be heard but the song of the birds; now it is in the centre of one of the most densely populated districts of the city and the voices of the birds have given place to the shouts of the children playing in the surrounding streets.

Here is a great opportunity for service, and it has not been neglected. Indeed, had it not been for the fact that a large and flourishing Boys' Club, started and manned by Toc H, was looking for a better home, Edinburgh Branch would not be there.

The house is a large one, and was in recent years used by the Episcopal Church as a training centre. On their removal to other quarters it was leased to the trustees of the Boys' Club, and is now the centre of activity in the district.

In addition to the Branch rooms, it is the headquarters of Edinburgh L.W.H., a troop of Scouts, and a company of Guides, and can accommodate at present twelve hostellers. It is hoped in time that there will be room for

more, and no member of Toc H visiting Edinburgh either on holiday or for a longer stay need have any doubt of not obtaining comfortable quarters.

Mention must also be made of the splendidly equipped and furnished Chapel which is at the disposal of Toc H for services.

There is perhaps one drawback. No building of such antiquity would consider itself complete without a ghost, and Dalry House has its own particular spectre. The White Lady is said to walk its winding corridors of nights, but so far has not disturbed the sleep of any of the inmates. It is a fact, however, that in 1689, a certain gentleman was executed in Edinburgh, and in accordance with the pleasant practice of the time, his right hand was cut off. Many years later, a skeleton was found in the garden of Dalry House, minus a right hand, so if any one should meet this gentleman it might be polite to extend the *left* hand in greeting!

The historically-minded might also be interested in an excellently preserved Charles II ceiling which is one of the sights of Dalry House.

We trust that none of these somewhat grisly details will deter any visitor to Edinburgh from making his headquarters here, and the Hon. Sec. of Edinburgh Branch, E. J. E. Fear, will be delighted to supply any details if written to at Dalry House, Orwell Place, Edinburgh.

OUR MEETINGS

The following notes are taken from a talk given at a Training Week-end in the Southern Area. They are intended as suggestions for Unit Officers and not, of course, as 'rules.' They help to amplify, in less formal language, sections 163-164 of Rules of the Road.

TUBBY says "Make your meetings just full of joy and happiness but never trivial, never just petty, never just little-minded."

All our meetings should be planned and have some definite purpose running through, so great care is needed when quarterly programmes are being prepared. Though we are pledged to 'hear the expert' it is not necessary for our programmes to become merely a series of lectures week after week. *Guest Nights* must be attractive and certainly well planned beforehand. The whole evening must be a spontaneous effort of a 'team.' (Barkis at Malta :—"There was the true spontaneity about every part of it, which is based on unobtrusive efficiency."—*JOURNAL, April, 1934, p. 169.*) It is rather important that on these special nights there should be Guests present. Otherwise why call it a Guest Night? Don't forget to 'follow up' the Guests afterwards or you won't get very far in 'roping' them into Toc H.

Invitations: Personal invitations are usually much more effective than a printed card. Calling for your Guest and walking home with him after the meeting means a little effort certainly, but it's 'going the second mile'—so is very worthwhile.

Leader: So much depends on the Leader for the Guest Night. Choose the best you've got. Not necessarily the Chairman of your Executive. Leading a Guest Night is a definite art, so start looking for your man and train him at the 'smaller meetings.' A Guest Night Leader is as important a post as the Jobmaster.

Punctuality: This is not meant to be a joke! Some people imagine that if the train leaves dead on time, it has gone 'early.' Just because you have always started your meetings half an hour late it is no tangible reason why you should continue to do so.

The Opening: The first ten minutes is most important. This is the time for you all

—the hosts—to assert yourselves in welcoming members and friends. (This is not merely the Pilot's job.) Try to get everyone talking to someone. So often one sees a 'stranger' left standing by himself. You are shy, of course, but your Guests are much more shy. There is great joy in entering a room full of men who all seem to be on the look-out for you.

The Start: The last paragraph forms the real start of the meeting, but now it's the Leader's turn to welcome all the Guests on behalf of the District or Branch or Group. There is rather a common custom of calling on visiting members to stand up and show themselves, but if you were a Guest how would you like to be singled out and made to stand up? So no good Leader would think of doing this with his Guests.

Singing: A few songs near the beginning of the meeting all help in 'warming up' everyone, provided all present make some attempt to take their share, however humble and flat. It is better to have too few songs than too many. Do have them arranged beforehand. This should be the definite job of one member. A 'Conductor' is a great help and gives great scope for the right man. Remember that other songs have been written besides *Georgia* and *Rogerum*.

Business: You may be able to do without any business at a Guest Night, but whenever you have it keep it down to the minimum. (What's your Executive for?) Show your Guests that though Toc H is informal, it does know how to get through its necessary business in a smart way.

It is polite to listen when the Secretary or Jobmaster is speaking (and for that matter when any speaker is 'up'), for one often hears a notice the first time it is read, and so, can save time by not asking that it may be read out again. Do discourage your Jobmaster from asking for volunteers at a meeting. It generally heralds an awkward and uncanny silence.

Light: Don't suddenly spring it on everybody by bawling the word 'Light!' The Leader should just 'lead' up to the ceremony with a few—very few—words of explanation. The words should always be said from memory and the Lamp or Rushlight should be visible to all in the room. So a shelf or bracket on the wall is an ideal place. This position also prevents the symbol of Sacrifice and Service from being cluttered up with cups and saucers or the Secretary's papers. The call 'Light!' coming at the beginning of the ceremony has a very beautiful meaning, but repeated at the end has quite a different interpretation, and should be quite unnecessary once a member has been told off to switch on the electric light or gas.

Originality: We do want more of this in our meetings, and five minutes spent on watching some trick or listening to a solo or recitation by one or more of your members is definitely not a waste of time. It will bring a fresh element altogether into the programme, and surely it has a purpose. So get your members keen on getting up some new "stunt."

The Speaker: If your meeting starts at 8 it is only fair to him that he should be put on by 9 at the latest. Do give him a good welcome and a good hearing. Care should be taken in choice of speakers and especially so when arranging a special Guest Night. It is then that your Guests should have a chance of hearing something of Toc H, so choose your speaker accordingly.

Questions: Do remember that some talks do not warrant questions being asked and a fine atmosphere can be spoilt by a series of rather trivial questions being asked. However it is up to the Leader to decide and he will often start the ball rolling should he feel that questions really fit in.

Thanks: Never forget that we *do* thank in Toc H. Our thanks must be real and sincere and in no sense merely formal. Individual thanks to the speaker for his talk after the meeting are much appreciated and treasured by him.

Prayers: "In five minutes time we shall be having Family Prayers"—is perhaps the better way of giving everyone an idea of what is to happen rather than calling on a Padre or

Layman to take prayers straight away. There may be some who would prefer to leave beforehand. It seems to help one in concentrating better when all lights are lowered and the Lamp or Rushlight is lit.

Don't forget that some people like to go home to bed the same evening—so do close the meeting at a reasonable hour.

Bits and Pieces

'Grub': Grub arranged at the beginning helps greatly during the important first ten minutes or so. It seems easier to chat when you are eating! Grub in the middle of the programme certainly makes a break during the meeting, but if you prefer this, do remember that it is very disconcerting to the speaker if the kettle starts boiling before he has finished and one or two (generally more) feel it their duty to *creep* over (tripping over a biscuit tin on the way) and lower the gas, etc. Grub at the end certainly gives a chance for 'chewing' over what has been said, but sometimes rather prolongs the evening.

Expenses of a Guest Night: This chiefly refers to a District show, and no Guest Night of this nature should lose money over the refreshments. The Leader should just say a word or two regarding the average cost per head, and ask the members to pay according to their means and put their money in the bowl near the door. (Make sure it is there.) He should make it clear that Guests are not expected to be P.G.'s. Don't have 'sentinels' at the door shaking a bowl in everyone's face.

Attendance Book: This is rather a nice custom and should be preserved. Make it one fellow's special job, but make him realise that it is rather fidgetting for the speaker to see the book travelling about the room and the endeavours of some members to make it clear that they have already signed it. There's plenty of time to get all names other than during the talk.

Builders and members of the General Branch: All these are doing their part in helping to build Toc H, and some of them are most generous in their financial help. So these will of course never be left out when you are holding a special Guest Night.

Literature Stall: This placed near the exit

door, with some competent member in charge, is a definite means of 'spreading the gospel' among members and friends.

Flowers: We like to see fresh flowers in our own homes—so why not in our Unit Headquarters. Some Branches already take considerable pains in arranging for this to be done, and so bringing into our rooms a touch of the beautiful. (We can't always rely on the appearance of some of our members.)

Humour: However few there may be at a Toc H Meeting, humour should always be on the menu. 'Joyaltie of mind' and 'high-hearted happiness' should be there, whether the soup is thick or clear.

N.B.—All our meetings should be such that guests will always be welcome, but in the notes above, the word Guest Night is used for rather more special meetings when a definite effort is made by all to bring along a friend.

WHERE TO LUNCH IN TOWN

A GOOD many Toc H members who work in the City of London are confirmed frequenters of the Lunch Club which Tubby started when he took over 42, Trinity Square. Visitors to the Overseas Office, which functions on the floor above, are often led to its delights, and any day you may expect to meet there members from all four corners of the world. Visiting members, in London on business or pleasure, from other parts of the United Kingdom often do not discover it in time, and they miss a good thing. For the Lunch Club not only purveys excellent food at prices seldom undercut anywhere else in the town, but brings its guests into a lively meeting of Toc H men, served by a devoted team of L.W.H. "ladies-in-waiting," for an hour or so—and that is refreshing to body and soul alike.

The premises were transformed out of recognition when Tubby acquired them in 1929. An old counting-house was furnished with small tables for lunch and a kitchen installed in a neighbouring room. The almost ruinous garage beyond became a meeting hall and gymnasium, with a stage at the far end. In this the Central Council has held its annual meeting since that time. In the old wine-vaults underneath a skittle-alley was opened—with a match played by Lord Wakefield, Neville Talbot, Lord Middleton and Sir Henry Segrave—and became immediately popular. Upstairs not only the Overseas Office was installed, but Tubby and other members of the All Hallows staff went to live in an unusual kind of 'clergy-house' (though no one ever thinks of calling it by that name).

After a time the popularity of the Lunch Club led to impossible overcrowding in the little counting-house and the tables were moved to the large floor of the meeting hall. That, again, in time cried out for extension and improvement and considerable alterations were undertaken at the end of last year. Lunchers adjourned meantime for some months to temporary premises round the corner, which had been acquired, with other property, by Tower Hill Improvement. But at last the improved rooms at 'Forty-Two' were ready for re-opening and have been in full swing since last month. The hall has been re-roofed and better lighted and ventilated; its end has been pushed back to give more floor space. The old counting-house is available for smaller lunch-meetings.

One or two further points should be noted. The Lunch Club is available for lectures, boxing displays, concerts, etc., in the evenings, and can be hired at very reasonable rates on application to The Provost (Geoffrey Batchelor), 42, Trinity Square, E.C.3. Also, there is now a well-appointed Dormitory on the premises, with a Common Room near by, where six or seven men can live comfortably. This tries in no way to compete with the London Marks. It aims at putting up chiefly fleeting visitors to London or men who are on the waiting list of a Mark.

All members, Londoners and others, will do well to make the acquaintance of 'Forty-Two' and sample its welcome. Mark Lane Underground Station brings you up face to face with All Hallows Church: turn left and round Trinity Square and you will find yourself at this hospitable door.

THE LOUGHBOLLY LETTERS—I.

*Loughbolly Hall,
Totniston Carcass,
Devon.*

Sunday, February 24, 1935.

MY DEAR HORTLE,

Your query puts me on my hobby horse—Do I “think it advisable that members of Toc H should become amateur actors and give public performances?” In other words, Busking Toc H. The Administrator has no views on the subject, at least no one has yet heard them; but London Toc H has. The four London Areas held a dramatic Festival a fortnight ago in the Cripplegate Theatre on February 8 and 9. A remarkably good show and most enterprising. Each Area had sent in a team from its acting group. The standard of the plays chosen was wisely a medium one: there was no ‘high falutin’ and for the most part they were within the grasp of their actors. Owing probably to inexperience the acting was average but full of promise, but it might have been better in several cases had the producers been stronger. From the technical side, there was a good deal of muddling of author’s intention and dramatic effect in “*A Thread of Scarlet*,” a successful little play by J. J. Bell, which you must know; a sound piece of craftsmanship, taut in construction and satisfying in content. If ever you think of play production in your Area, forgive me for reminding you, but do look at the author’s intentions and produce them; and never move your characters about the stage for the sake of movement. Art, you know, is economy living in the very best of frills. Of the other plays: WESTERN LONDON in a subtlety called “*In Port*” lacked the certain polish and technique to carry it off—but they did very well. NORTHERN LONDON in the “*Ghost of Jerry Bundler*” were almost successful; their performance had atmosphere and the action was natural. But SOUTHERN LONDON with “*The Man Who Wouldn’t Go to Heaven*” got home first. They had a good producer and an interesting play. It is not remarkable, but it is pregnant with ideas and wit. One of those plays that move stiffly, folk arrive

singly before Heaven, and eventually they all get in. Because of its idea it fails to satisfy the spectator completely, but plays about Heaven are apt to leave one suspended in mid-air. A thought just strikes me; except for Bernard Shaw no dramatist has tried to get into Hell. I wonder why? Perhaps the modern drawing room is enough. “*The Man Who Wouldn’t Go to Heaven*” has a Toc H “twist” about the ending which is both effective and obvious, which should make it suitable for a Guest-night or a Festival. But these plays must be dead matter to you, so I won’t discuss them more. The whole evening was valuable and encouraging, and I see no reason why Toc H shouldn’t in future produce as many good amateur actors as it does egg-collectors.

After all, the Drama to-day needs service. And if Toc H can help to keep the sense of the Theatre alive in people it will serve a fine cultural purpose. You know if it weren’t for the Drama League and the Amateur Stage Movement as a whole the Cinema would conquer us wholesale. A vigorous drama, quite truly, in the past has meant a vigorous age intensely alive in every way, but a vigorous cinema does not mean the same thing. She can never be a substitute for the stage. She is a different Art: neither bad nor false, but alone and separate, no more akin to the play than she is to the novel, and in the main a cross-breed of both. She reminds me of a mule, which is an excellent animal for its own purposes, but a poor horse and an imperfect ass. That’s the point, the Cinema lacks spontaneity of creation: a twice-removed-from-life-thing, and very passive in consequence. Think of a play as the fusion of three almost equal elements and you see what I mean. There is the author, the actor and the audience. To make a play come alive each part must do his share. The author and the actor consciously contrive, while the audience actively respond, caught up into the real world of imagination before them. The emotional experience is first hand, created again each night the curtain rises and destroyed the moment it falls. What is there

of this about a celluloid film? Have you ever been really lost in the story before you at the Cinema? To me the division made between the audience and the play by the screen and the phonograph keeps us aloof and our enjoyment is objective and critical, like that of a football crowd or the spectators at a circus. We are pleased by the sight of things neatly accomplished; not by the sense of emotional response deeply felt. The observer is mostly a cynic, Horte, and few of us realise that the Cinema, which leads us passively to look on, may underlie the æsthetic impotence of our generation and its masses.

But I must not be tedious. I could go on like this for hours; but one more canter on the hobby horse and I'm done. Crowds are instance enough. No one has known the sublimity of dramatic expression until he has come into contact with the crowds of Shakespeare; thrown personally—even within the walls of illusion—into the passion of their wilful moods, where it is his cue to feel destiny riding on treacherous seas to flounder like Pompey, Cæsar and poor Brutus in the frothy shallows of men's herded will. But who cares for Cæsar in the Cinema? Kill him at the Capitol three separate times a day; and embroidered with the irrelevant details of photography, make him a pleasant butchery set between Disney and Tea. If ever you do, Horte, to keep the balance go home and read Julius Cæsar, Act III, Scene II—aloud. And Cæsar's

ghost! Now, there you have it—and the Cinema—dead beat. She can give you primitive horror, tricks of physical mutilation that play upon nausea, but the supernatural—never. That is a response of the mind, a subtlety of illusion, a transmission of atmosphere and thought between actor and audience. The sole possession of the stage. No, Horte, I love the talkies as I love a mule: one as an art and the other as an animal. Give me ever "This wooden O" and the "Two hours' traffic of our stage" within it.

We must buskin Toc H, put on the Greek actors' shoe and step out. A bad actor in the village hall is better than a passive flesh-bag in the cinema de luxe. There are dangers without a doubt. Amateur acting is the devil's own food for the spleen. The world of make-believe is a dangerous realm and many a calm mind has become troubled by the petty triumphs of a local kingdom and lost balance. But the risk is worth it. If Toc H is to be a movement of lunatics, let it be active and dramatic. On with the high shoe and the top notes and let's go busking after the London Areas!

I am sorry for this didactic letter: it is too much in schoolmaster vein, but we're terribly overworked with the JOURNAL and nerves make us dogmatic. *Floreat semper!*

Yours ever,

MAMELON LOUGHBOLLY.



THE ELDER

Sydney Wallace: Dundee Group

The death of SYDNEY WALLACE, on December 22, 1934, at the early age of 23 has robbed the Group of an energetic member and a craftsman. His loss is shared, too, by the Arch Boys' Club, in which he had played a real part.

I. G. Stephens: Maidstone Branch

I. G. STEPHENS died on January 19 from fatal injuries received from a fall in the execution of his postal telegraph work. The Branch wish to record their loss.

BRETHREN

Joseph Dodd: Oldham Branch

The whole Branch mourns the sudden death on January 24 of JOSEPH DODD, one of the most valued members, who worked tremendously hard and was very much one of the family.

Maxwell John Alder: Salisbury Branch

MAX ALDER died from a fractured skull on January 27 in Salisbury Infirmary. He had been a member of the Branch since 1930 and was well known throughout the community of Salisbury.

TOC H TRAVELLERS' TALES

With Herbert Leggate in New Zealand—III.

WE are now homeward bound and, in the comparative leisure of the voyage, I am trying to gather together some impressions of the last crowded weeks in New Zealand. Since I last wrote I have spent nearly three months in *Christchurch* from which centre I tried to keep in touch with all the units in the South Island. Each Monday members met for tea and conference in *Christchurch*, the attendance seldom being below fifty. The keenness of those who attended was inspiring and I only wish I could have done more to meet their needs. It was an especial delight in *Christchurch* to have the opportunity of meeting members of the two School Sections in the town. Once the Regional Team has been completed and gets settled to its work great things will be possible in *Christchurch*.

Then came the *Dominion Festival* at Wellington. Of that I shall say nothing, since others have written about it, save that I was proud of the team that organised it and of the family that gathered for it. It has unified Toc H in the Dominion and marks a real epoch in its life.

The last three weeks before sailing for Home were devoted to a hasty tour of the North and South Islands, during which I visited as many units as possible. It was a mixed experience for me. The pain of leaving so many friends was very real but it was a joy to find all the units full of great expectations. Several of them handed to me thanksgiving offerings for overseas work.

The tour ended with a few days in *Auckland*. There I learnt of the postponement of the camp which I mentioned in my last bulletin. It was to have been a camp on the lines of the Duke of York's Camp in England and was to have been held just after Christmas. The reason for its postponement is interesting. The men in charge of the organisation felt that the foundations could not be made secure in the short time available if the camp were to be held this year. With great insight into the needs of the scheme they decided to enlist the co-operation of the

headmasters and the Old Boys' Societies of the chief schools in *Auckland* in the task of setting up gymnasiums in different parts of the city. These plans are well under weigh and the camp will be held next summer and will consist of school-leavers together with youths with whom contact has already been made through the work of the gymnasiums.

That is a brief account of my programme up to the end of my stay. It is brief because it seems fitting that I should use my space in attempting to summarise the situation in New Zealand as it appears to me. Always I shall be grateful for the experiences of the past year. I warn my friends to think twice before asking me to talk about Toc H New Zealand. I am incurably prejudiced. The country and its people fascinate me. Some of the finest men I have met are numbered among its leaders and members. It is difficult to exaggerate the opportunity which is presented to the New Zealand Family. Given wise leadership, Toc H within the next ten years will bring a powerful influence to bear upon the life of the Dominion.

Some Weaknesses

Having said this I hasten to add that there are definite weaknesses which are obvious to any careful observer. Some of them are inherent in the geographical situation of New Zealand. There are few large towns there and we have many members who scarcely ever see any community larger than that of a small English market town. There are still more in each Island who have never been out of their own Island. Australia is New Zealand's nearest neighbour and that is nearly four days' journey away. Toc H in New Zealand has known little even about Toc H Australia, let alone about Toc H the World. There are signs, however, that units are becoming Dominion-conscious. Some are even seeing the Dominion on a World-Family background; but much and constant education will be necessary before this difficulty is overcome. There are units which are

still closed in by their own affairs and who, as a result, are censorious and inclined to petulance over unimportant matters. One corrective of this, I am convinced, is to be found in a wider circulation of the JOURNAL. Sales are increasing but they ought to be much greater than they are at present. In time, undoubtedly, New Zealand will once more possess in addition a worthy journal of its own.

In some places Toc H is menaced by sentimentality but with increasing experience the symptoms of this condition will be readily recognised and corrected by the leaders themselves.

In New Zealand, as elsewhere, there has grown up a fear of organisation and, as a result, there is evidence of a lack of careful planning. In every unit there ought to be members who think and who read with discrimination. Only thus can programmes be wisely built. Regional organisation will in the future be able to give help in this direction. Again and again I have been asked by keen members, "What can we do at our meetings week by week? We are most of us on the same committees outside Toc H and we tend to get on each others nerves." A wider outlook and a deeper life will help to solve this problem. The minds of our members should be in the ends of the earth and deep below the surface of things.

Toc H has not yet discovered the best way of helping people who live away from the towns. The first stage seems to me to be the conquest of the small townships where there is apparently no room for another movement; where social work is well-organised and those responsible are jealous of any attempts to assist. I am certain that such townships need just the ministry that Toc H exists to bring. I can think of two or three places where the Family has had a very wholesome effect upon the life of the community. The small townships will open the way to the service of the lone youngsters on distant stations or out West among the gold-diggers. I hope that soon, in each Region, there will be one man

whose main job it will be to keep contact by correspondence with lone members.

Strength

There are other weaknesses that are obvious to the membership itself, but I will turn to the other side of the balance-sheet. In New Zealand we have a healthy relationship with almost all the best schools. By this I mean that the headmaster—or another master with his approval—is really keen about Toc H and eager to give it opportunity to influence the older boy. As a result, there are five school circles meeting regularly and in other schools masters or chaplains are keen members of local groups. The Dominion Executive is a team which any home Area would be proud to own as its Executive. The Regional teams are almost up to the same standard but without the same informed knowledge of Toc H. Some of the units are very good. Indeed, at least one is as good as anything I have seen at home. There are now forty units. In all of them there is good material. A third of them I should regard as really good and scarcely any of them as very poor. The days of doubt as to the permanence of Toc H in New Zealand are now definitely past. The newly finalised (how New Zealanders love this word!) constitution is working smoothly and its cost has been more than met. There has been an outburst of the missionary spirit which has resulted in "straight-out" giving. Altogether I feel that the prospects are set fair.

I wish I could write of the men—padres and lay—who have made Toc H New Zealand. They would rather I did not, and indeed, some of them would blush to discover that they had made so great a contribution. To some of my readers I shall introduce them as I tell the story of my pilgrimage. Glad am I to belong to the Family that enabled me to associate with such men!

A great welcome awaits Alec Churher towards the end of this year. New Zealand is fortunate indeed to be getting him as leader; but isn't Alec lucky! H. L.

NOTE.—A New Zealand member writes: "Herbert has laid the foundations of a New Idea about Toc H here. Everywhere one finds a new sense of loyalty to the Family as a whole and a new understanding of the special job we have to do."—ED.

A BAG OF BOOKS

A Challenge from Scotland

Govan Calling. By George F. Macleod. Methuen, 5s.

Every member of Toc H who has met or listened to Padre George Macleod should be eager to read this book, and not least those Scottish members who have seen the great work, strenuous, courageous, full of faith and humour, which he is doing in his big Church and the Pearce Institute in Govan. For Govan, one of the poorest, ugliest and therefore toughest parts of Glasgow, needs a real man and knows one when it sees him. George's friendly tussles with the local Communists are now well known. It is doubtful if any other minister of religion, in Scotland or elsewhere, has tried the experiment of filling his church, by invitation, with the declared "enemies of religion," cap on head and pipe in mouth if they so pleased, hitting them straight from the shoulder out of his pulpit and then adjourning to the Church Institute to give them the right to reply. This Church in the heart of distressed Govan overflows, like a few other churches, with the faithful; it is also a challenge and an attraction to the 'unconverted'—a phenomenon which is unhappily much more rare.

Govan Calling is a welcome collection of George Macleod's recent broadcast talks from his pulpit, with the addition of various essays and addresses elsewhere. The only direct Toc H contribution is the reprint of his Birthday Festival 'preachment' in All Hallows in 1929 on "Armistice"—of which the reviewer in a Scottish newspaper says "the *flair* so characteristic of Toc H runs throughout it." To which we might well add that the *flair* which runs through the whole book *ought* to be found throughout

Toc H. For there is a boldness of fair-thinking in chapters like "Christ and Patriotism" and "Christ and Modernity" which ought always to be ours, a freshness in interpretation in "Billets by the Way," a courage and sense of adventure in "The Cross" or "The Christian Climb" or "The Only Christ and the Average Man," an unconventional approach to solemn subjects in "The Church of Scotland in search of her youth" or the delightful rhymed letter to a boy on "What was St. Columba like?"

"Do you suppose Columba
When he came to Isle of Hy,
Was a gloomy sort of misery
With look both dark and wry,
To make you feel all 'goupy'
And afraid to make a jest?
So modern books would have it,
Yet I think that book is best
Which shows him as he really was. . . .

"Thus did the young Columba
And all within his fold,
Find the greatest jest in history,
The jest that's never old—
That it's folks who cling to palaces
Who can't get rid of gloom:
But the folks that 'don't want nothing',
Find the whole world is their 'room'

The lesson of *Rogerium* restated in other words. But the paradox of true joy and the enormous challenge of the Christian life is often set down in stern words in this book. This is no 'little pious book' (and there is a continual spate of such) to lull the believer into self-satisfaction. It is an uncompromising call to difficult decisions, inescapable duty and the courage of a whole man.

A Noble Pair

Edward Stuart Talbot and Charles Gore. By Albert Mansbridge. Dent, 3s. 6d.

With the passing, last year, of Bishop Talbot and, two years earlier, of Bishop Gore there came to an end a great generation of

friends who served the Anglican Church and influenced the thought of the whole nation. It is very fitting that these two should come

together again within the covers of a little book, and it is most welcome and proper that Albert Mansbridge should pay this tribute to them. For as a layman who has devoted his own life to teaching many of the things they cared for intensely (he was the prime mover in the Workers' Educational Association and is now deeply concerned in the Church Tutorial Classes movement), he knew them both, revered them and followed their lead. We are promised a 'full-length' biography of Bishop Talbot (by Lady Stephenson) this Summer and one of Bishop Gore (by Dr. Leonard Prestige) a little later, but most of us have not the opportunity of tackling 'big' books on big men: this excellent sketch of them both will serve our need.

The careers of Edward Talbot and Charles Gore present a curiously close parallel. Talbot, born in 1844, was Gore's senior by nine years and an interval, gradually growing less, separates their arrival at the landmarks of their lives. Talbot became an undergraduate at Oxford in the same year as Gore became a preparatory schoolboy at Malvern; Talbot won a double First at Christ Church as Gore was entering Harrow, and became Senior Student of his College eight years before Gore was elected a Fellow of his; when Talbot was ordained a Deacon, Gore was being confirmed, and the first became Warden of Keble College ten years before the second was appointed vice-principal of Cuddesdon; both were Chaplain-in-Ordinary to Queen Victoria—with an interval of six years between them; Talbot was a Canon of Ripon five years before Gore was Canon of Westminster; Talbot was consecrated Bishop of Rochester in 1895 and Gore Bishop of Worcester in 1902, and in the same year (1905) they were translated to new sees—the first to Southwark, the second to Birmingham. They were in much alike—even their bearded faces had a resemblance—and in much very different. Both left a mark by what they wrote; they were fellow-contributors to *Lux Mundi*, a book which made a stir in the 'die-hard' theological dovecotes in 1889. But Talbot was, more than his younger friend, an administrator and a tremendous power in the Councils of the Church; Gore

bore the burden of administration—and it was often a burden to him—but found his whole personality in teaching, preaching and writing. Both, whether in the active life or the thought of the day, had an influence which went far beyond the borders of their own communion.

And, above all, both have a true right to be called 'saints.' Perhaps one of the marks of that (for the saints are living and 'dynamic' people, not 'static' and aged as in stained-glass windows) was the continual youth which they preserved until the end of their lives. Our own members will have noticed the delight with which Bishop Talbot, the "Father of Toc H," came among them, crippled as he was, even up to his 90th year, and it is wholly characteristic that a visit to the Olympia Circus, with children, was his last public appearance, four days before he died. And some of us will cherish Bishop Gore's wise and humorous fellowship with students at Swanwick or the tramps he loved to undertake with young men. They kept young with the changing times, they read the new books, they were aware of all that was going on round them. And to both of them the War, which snatched their younger friends away (in Bishop Talbot's case his youngest son), was the darkest shadow over their later years. These were two rare men, giants in a company of giants—Randall Davidson, Scott Holland, Illingworth. Readers of Albert Mansbridge's little book will be able to judge the measure of their greatness—and of their goodness. The illustrations are a help, for they are extremely well-chosen and reproduced. There is true beauty in the frontispiece of Bishop and Mrs. Talbot (who survives him) at their Golden Wedding, characteristic humour in the photograph of Bishop Gore conversing with the little dog Simon, and the portrait of Bishop Talbot at Winchester and the noble drawing (by John Mansbridge, in the National Portrait Gallery) of Bishop Gore set them before us to the very life. In three pages at the end William Temple, the intimate 'young' friend of them both, sums up the significance of these two lives to an older England and to our own time.

'C. T. C. A.'

The profits from the sale of this book are to be devoted to the Church Tutorial Classes, and it is right, therefore, to say a few words about them here. Albert Mansbridge, who had founded the Workers' Educational Association years before the War and seen it take hold in thousands of people's lives all over the country, was moved, with a small group of friends (chief among them Bishop Gore, Bishop Burge of Oxford and the present Archbishop of York), to go a stage further in popular education. To quote from a pamphlet of this new movement, founded in 1917, "the mention of the W.E.A. gives the first clue. In the nineteenth century educational opportunities were enormously increased and eagerly pursued. At the present time, adult education is a recognised part of the English educational system. Opportunities for definitely religious education, however, lag far behind the provision for secular education. Yet Religion is at least not less worthy of study than Science or Economics. . . . Unless man's religious education keeps pace with his secular education he gains power over nature but loses power over himself." The result of this conviction was the foundation of the Church Tutorial Classes Association. Its growth was rapid—in 1927 there were 70 classes, in 1933

there were over 200, with about 4,000 students. Though the movement started among Anglicans and is organised in connection with the dioceses and parishes of the Church of England, "members of a class may be of any or of no denomination. A tutor must be a member of the Church of England who has both the necessary scholarship and the gift of teaching adults." We cannot go into the details of this work here. Enough to say that a class meets normally twenty-four times in a year and continues for three years, choosing its own subjects and place of meeting; students read and do written work also at home. Classes contribute what they can to the cost of the Association (those who choose to become Associates pay a minimum subscription of 5s.), but the income at present is too small to maintain the work adequately or allow its proper expansion.

Members of Toc H—and there should certainly be a number—who would be glad to extend their knowledge of the Old or New Testament, Church History, Christian Psychology, etc., would do well to write for particulars to the Secretary, C.T.C.A., 16, Russell Square, London, W.C.1, or (if living in the North) to the Rev. F. S. Popham, 213, Gilesgate, Durham. And those who can back the Association in any way will be welcome allies.

Spades are Trumps

Digging with the Unemployed. By John S. Hoyland. Student Christian Movement, 2s.

The text for this little book is taken from a speech by the Prince of Wales in January, 1934—"There is no remedy which will ever replace the way of Fellowship," and a comment on it by the *Times*—"What is wanted most of all is not service for the unemployed, but service with them." This principle surely needs no commendation to Toc H: it is a fundamental article of our creed. When it comes to practice, however, ways and means are not always easy to find. Mr. Hoyland is a practical man, as well as an idealist, and has found one way. To put the same thing more simply—he is a good Quaker.

He set out in 1931 to attack two problems at once—first, to give encouragement to unemployed fellow-citizens by bringing to them new allies, and, secondly, to teach those allies what unemployment really means. The work and fellowship of his "Gang" of foreign students and English public schoolboys and undergraduates with unemployed families in Wales, the Potteries and elsewhere makes brave reading. Above all 'patronage' and 'charity' have been avoided—they are enemies of friendship. Many Toc H units should read this book—and act on it.

THE FAMILY CHRONICLE

From Canada

From a member in Vancouver:—“This Unit has been connected in a small way with the local branch of the British Sailors Society.

During our brief association with the Sailors' Home we have had the pleasure of meeting three sailors who were Toc H members from the Old Country. I have an idea that there must be quite a number of Toc H members among the members of crews of British ships coming into this port. We would like you to help us get in touch with these men. With this idea in mind, can you make it known among all sailor members of Toc H that we can be got in touch with through the Sailors' Home, 500, Alexander Street, Vancouver, B.C.? This address is very near the docks.”

And here is an extract from a letter from a member who keeps his Toc H badge bright on a lone job among trappers in Alberta:—

“I am writing this propped up in bed the day after an operation in which I had a couple of toes removed from my right foot. Three were taken off my left foot a couple of weeks ago. It has all been pretty tough here this winter. I had to go into some bad country and got taken ill alone on the trail. In addition the first blizzard of the season blew up at the same time. After 48 hours I was found and carried to a trapper's shack, where after a week I was brought home here. For a time it was touch and go whether I should lose one or even both feet from severe frost bite, but with a splendid doctor and a wonderful nurse (my wife) things were brought round to a point where I had only to lose the members aforementioned. I am now on my back for the twelfth week, but hope to be hobbling round again within another couple of weeks.”

From Palestine

Four photographs and some account of the Toc H house which is the headquarters of members (mostly R.A.F.) at Ramleh appeared in the JOURNAL last November. We are now able to quote parts of a long letter from Bill Hope, one of the Group's members, to F. E. Sargood at the Overseas Office, dated December 30, 1934:—

“This letter is likely to be a long one and may not be completed until next year. Your recent letter is dated October 4, so that my reply is only three months late, a mere fleeting moment if one considers the passing of civilisation throughout the ages! . . . Our new Padre is well worthy of a page to himself, but I'm afraid he won't get it. Our introduction to him was typical of Toc H, because within 15 minutes of seeing him we were furniture removing—to lend him some of our furniture (which had been largely supplied by members in Jerusalem). We had spent the better part of six or eight months in acquiring 'scrounging' and making furniture, and to find somebody else who was

worse off than ourselves was the richest joke we've had for many a day. Our furniture is still on 'temporary loan,' but I was able to arrange a meeting between Padre Hughes and Steel, the Governor of the Prison in Jerusalem—to whom we are indebted for quite a bit of our furniture—with the result that the prisoners are on overtime on the production of more furniture for our Padre.

“We had a very quiet evening on December 12 (they had held a full meeting two days earlier to suit the convenience of a visiting speaker) . . . only seven of us were able to attend. We had an informal dinner at the Ramleh Hotel and then moved over to the House to take our part in the World Chain of Light. Small as our numbers were, we had an impressive ceremony, and it was wonderful to think that we were just as much a part of Toc H as were the men who, in their thousands, attended the same ceremony all over the world.

“Our next Guest Night is to be on January 21, when Jerusalem Group is visiting us

en masse for the inauguration of our Rush-light. . . . (A noteworthy pause here: the rain has stopped after a duration test of 30 hours, and the sun is actually shining!)

"Last month eight of us paid a visit to Haifa Group and had a really wonderful day. In the afternoon, in the company of about 30 Haifa members, we went out to the traditional site of Armageddon, where the last battle of our civilisation is supposed to be fought. It is the place where Allenby caught the Turks napping and more or less kicked them out of Palestine. 'Allenby of Megiddo' is probably a familiar title to you. We in the R.A.F. know it as Aflute Plain, and I have often flown over and have landed on it many times without knowing anything about its connection with Armageddon. Regarding the site—with a slight knowledge of present-day armament—as the last battle ground, it is more in the nature of a joke than a 'historical' fact. A squadron of aircraft could fill the plain with poison-gas within ten minutes; a squadron of light cruisers could 'lay off,' 20 miles out to sea from Haifa, and plough up every square yard of the plain within, say, half an hour; and my knowledge of military matters falls short of saying what the Army could do. . . . After that we were met by two archaeologists who had spent much time and labour on excavating what, in my ignorance, I am compelled to term the remains of various cities, one on top of the other, on a hill which commanded a very strategic position right back (I believe this figure is right) to 3,000 B.C. . . . Our guides were very considerate of our undoubted ignorance, and we had a most pleasant and instructive afternoon.

"January 1, 1935: And what a glorious New Year it is! I'm sure that I shall make you envious. At this moment I am balanced on the two back legs of a chair on the verandah of 'Mark I,' with my feet hanging gracefully over the railing. . . . Immediately in front of me is our Padre's house, but as it is built all on the ground floor I have the advantage of about 20 ft. in height and can see over the top of it. Beyond, for a distance of perhaps five miles, stretch the Plains of Judea which are now beginning to look

their best. We have had three weeks of rain and this has been sufficient to coax the corn to sprout, so that everything is starting to turn green. Through these fields runs the metalled road leading to Jerusalem: I can see it re-appearing in patches until it is finally lost in the brown and rocky hills ten miles away. A poet might write a sonnet, were he in my place now—not being one I can only think how like an English Spring day is this New Year in Palestine. It is really glorious, and I only wish my mother could be here to enjoy it with me. In his sermon on Sunday night our Padre spoke of the return of the Jews into Palestine. After wandering in the Sinai Desert for 40 years they were finally led into this country, and an old man among them wrote a psalm of praise because 'He hath not delivered me into the hand of mine enemy: He hath set my feet in a large room.' I can't help but think how true this was when I consider the aridness of Trans-Jordan and Arabia compared with the fertility of Palestine. Within a month everything around here is completely changed from sandy-brown dried earth to a scene like England in May or early June."

(He then breaks off to speak with delight of a recent letter from Tubby, with the photograph which was reproduced in the February JOURNAL—"a glorious photograph, so life-like that, looking at it, I can't help but think he is going to start speaking." Two other letters, one from the Hon. Sec. of the Southern India Region and the other from Prebarton Group, Adelaide, also rejoice our far-off member: "these letters from men who are entirely unknown to any of Toc H Ramleh go to prove how wide is the grand fellowship of which we are so small a part.")

"I want to tell you about my Christmas in Bethlehem and Jerusalem, the only place in the world to spend Christmas, except, of course, at home. . . . Early on the morning of December 24 I journeyed to the Holy City; arrived there in time for lunch at—of all places—the 'International.' People of all stations in life go there for the novelty of the thing, in the same spirit in which you might go to 'Dirty Dick's.' I went because the food is plain, wholesome and cheap. At

about 3 p.m. I went up to the R.A.F. billet to find Tony Arnold. . . . He lives with another fellow in a sort of rabbit hutch on the roof—a very comfortable den which I envy him. . . . I had taken with me a small Christmas 'pudden,' sent from home, so we put it on to steam, and the kettle on to boil, and then went out shopping. This was not extensive—some sandwiches, a tin of cocoa, some biscuits and a bottle of brandy. At about 7 p.m. six of us perched ourselves in odd corners of Tony's den and settled down to the feast. Pork and ham sandwiches—then the chief item, our pudding, made by my mother and therefore good. We poured a liberal supply of brandy over it, switched out the lights, and just like a gang of kids watched it burning. Somebody made some brandy sauce—with condensed milk: I don't recommend the mixture. . . .

"We all piled into the 'bus and went out to Bethlehem, our object being to join with the choir of St. George's in singing carols. It is a fine thought to be able to sing praises in such a place and on this one night in the year. . . . The Anglican Church does not own any part of the present Church of the Holy Nativity, which is built round the traditional site of Our Lord's Manger and owned by the Armenian, Roman Catholic and Greek Churches. Each has a part of the building as its own, but the crypt is common to them all.

"It is entirely due to the generosity of the Armenian Patriarch that we are allowed to go and sing carols there on Christmas Eve. This we did in the courtyard, within the outer walls of the Church but outside the Church proper. This year the carols lasted for about 45 minutes, arranged, with two hymns, in the form of a service. Afterwards the Armenian Patriarch invited us all into his private chapel, and there must have been about 300 people of all nationalities present. I was one of the last to go in, and found myself close to the front. There were four priests and I understood that each denomination held a very short service in turn. The Armenian Patriarch started by reading a passage in Latin. He was followed by the American Chaplain of St. George's Cathedral

who read the story of the Following of the Star to Bethlehem. And then came the turn of the Greek Church. Without any warning a little fellow standing next to me burst into song—there is no other word for it. He simply flared out with a song of praise. Unfortunately he sang in Greek and I couldn't understand a word of it, but he had the most marvellous voice I have ever heard and sang, entirely unaided, for more than five minutes: it was simply glorious. I think he must have been a choir layman, for he wore no robes at all. At the end the Greek priest bowed to the Armenian Patriarch, who was acting as leader of this wonderful combined service and read a short final passage in Latin which appeared to end the proceedings. But nobody seemed inclined to move.

"And then happened what I thought was the most impressive thing of all. The Armenian Patriarch looked up and let his eyes travel all round the church so as to include everybody—and then he said "A happy Christmas!" He said it so simply and sincerely and with all the love in his fine nature that, just at that moment, I felt I wanted to cry. I was not the only one thus affected; many of us remarked on it afterwards. Nobody replied to his greeting and I think it would have spoilt the effect had anyone done so. It was just the right note to close a service at which so many nationalities were united in the common bond of Christianity. . . ."

He ends his long letter with a short account of Christmas Day at Jerusalem, with matins at the Cathedral, a lunch with Cpl. Gellatly and a few other Toc H members. "Conversation did not lag, as you may guess, and strangely enough we talked for the most part on Toc H: we churned up some very pertinent questions on the welfare of Toc H in Palestine and Trans-Jordan." Then came Boxing Day, with an early return to duty—"cloud-dodging at 5,000 ft. on the way up to Rosh-Pinna and Tiberias to do an inspection of landing grounds. We flew low over the Sea of Galilee, and I was sorry we could not park down there for a few hours. It looked glorious, with the reflection of snow-capped Mt. Hermon in the Lake."

Here are some notes taken from the Annual Report of Jerusalem Group:—

During the last six months our newest corporate job has been guiding and looking after the parties coming here from ships of the Mediterranean Fleet visiting Haifa. Seven of these parties have already been. The two largest numbered about eighty-five each and the smallest was about twenty-five strong. In other words, we had our hands full. The visits usually lasted forty-eight hours, during which we took them round the old City and sometimes to Bethlehem. These trips usually lasted one and a half days and the rest of the time was spent in excursions to Jericho and the Dead Sea. With the large parties we were assisted by friends who know the city and but for their generous help we should have found the job larger than we could tackle satisfactorily, as much of the sightseeing had to be done in the work-hours of the morning when most

of us are engaged. We are pleased to say we believe that the Navy enjoyed their visits and we certainly did. We look for more of them. Our co-operation with the British Sailors' Society in Haifa should keep us busy with visitors from the Merchant Service.

Among our other activities the Scout troop in the ARMENIAN PATRIARCHATE keeps some of us busy. It is now running well and is staffed by four members and two friends of the Group. We are, too, in closer touch with other children in the district; we find many odd jobs to do at the School for Deaf Children, and at Christmas time we gave them a party complete with a cinema show which a local photographer freely provided.

We also sing. Corporately we do it on Christmas Eve in the Courtyard of the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem and individually, through two of us, to swell the choir in the interests of the Brighter Jerusalem movement.

From South Wales

History is the struggle between men's environment and their convictions. They are always concerned as to how far they can adapt their convictions to their environment, or their environment to their convictions. In South Wales, Toc H men are convinced that their convictions are greater than their environment. Not the least of their convictions is that each personality is sacred and inviolable. This being so, they refuse to be swamped, or unduly depressed by any mountain, whether it be geographical, or economic. In them breathes and lives the vital spirit that in a true sense over-throws such mountains.

Nevertheless, just as soil and climate affects the colour of a rose (I have seen a "Pearl Blanc" show red on the red soil of Devon, yellow on the clay of Hertfordshire, clear white on the chalk of Wilts) so Toc H does not present a dead sameness everywhere. If any man thinks that Toc H is going to show the same appearance, and behaviour everywhere, and at all times, he has at least one more guess coming. Consequently, the first item of news from old South Wales is to remark, and glory, without boasting, in the

variety of expression, and differences of adaptation revealed by Toc H in the Area. We have units grave, and units gay; units large, and units small; units very mixed, and units very much the same; and would you believe it, units in Glamorgan (a name which means "beside the singing sea") that do not sing. Yet the most silent of them exude joy and gladness, and the gay are gallant in their steadfastness. Here and there we drop a unit, and there and here we pick up another, just after the fashion of the "bus conductor who dropped an 'h' at "Ighgate" and picked it up at "Hislington" so that on the run he justified his existence!

Were you expecting me to tell you, and do you really want to be worried with oddments of things attempted, such as, for instance, that John Jones took Mrs. Davies' dog for a walk, or that Bill Harris mended the table for the Vicar in the vestry? If so be, let your imagination build further the two foregoing statements. Please do that, for to be fair, I would have to tell you all about everybody, for all are busy, but not fussy, about their Master's business.

As foretold, *Merthyr*, *Pontypridd*, *Fishguard*, and *Resolven* journeyed to Leicester and received their Lamps. Coming from the Principality they were a little perturbed because their Prince was not to light the Lamps, but one of them (I wonder which) is in a position to bruit abroad the fact that "ours is the first Lamp in Wales *not* lit by the Prince of Wales." For such is human nature, and such is the effect of the marvellous moments at Leicester.

The writer used to be frankly suspicious of tales of motor car trips, but he assisted in the change of three wheels en route from Pontypridd to Leicester, to say nothing of sundry engine troubles! He is quite prepared to believe anything about a motor car in the future, except that a fourth-hand monster can develop a conscience!

Toc H Chapels are a suspect to some people, as Toc H motor cars used to be to me, but somehow or other *Treforest* Group has entranced most of us, not only with their Chapel, but with the use that is made of it. Quite unexpectedly, and even more generously, they were provided with really good quarters which they have euphemistically daubed "Toc Hill" (a name which locally conveys more than need be said here).

Among the rafters, removed from Toc H laughter, they have formed and fashioned something that looks like a Chapel, to which, more than one man at a time is never admitted; in which, no Service of any sort is ever held. It is a quiet and a holy place where joyous men can praise silently, thoughtful men can ponder alone, and harassed men can claim Divine Company in the solitude of their struggle, and any man at any time can use it. You ask, and you are entitled to ask, but do they? The answer is, they do.

Silver Lamps are usually fixtures. Our National Silver Lamp is ever a wanderer, but this year it is at home. It rests in the beautiful Church of St. Theodore's, almost within sight and sound of the Works which bore, and still bear the name of the man it memorialises. The name of Byass and Port Talbot are inseparable, and for a while *Port Talbot* Branch tend Sir Sidney's Lamp.

The Town of *Swansea* never made a fuss about its most important happening, to wit, the writer of these notes was born there, but somehow or other *Swansea* never recognised that fact as being a great one! Wherefore, and whereupon, Toc H decided to hold its AREA FESTIVAL therein. As Area Festivals go, I have seen bigger (having been privileged this year to visit Glasgow, Lancaster, York, West London, and Brighton), but what we lacked in size we more than made up in spirit, and where we failed in the realm of noise, we fulfilled in terms of harmony with Owen preaching a good sermon, and Barkis making a good speech all about slabs of paving! In any case, you will have read about Ronald Ross and mosquitoes in the February JOURNAL.

The Services on the Sunday were—well just what Toc H Services should be. The Sunday afternoon Family Gathering was larger than expected, which was simply an evidence of the smallness of our faith. What was most gratifying was to find so many Organisations, and so many people really desirous to help the Festival towards the measure of success it attained. On the Monday following the Festival the Rotary Club in the Borough of *Swansea*, invited the Area Secretary to address them at their Luncheon, a not unsuiting conclusion to a glorious period of preparation and realisation.

Just a word, not so much of warning as of encouragement. Never be deceived by the flood tide of prosperity, and never be broken-hearted if the flood runs dry. The River Taff was a torrent this morning, this afternoon it is not much more than a trickle, but it is still the River Taff.

"If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster,

And treat those two Impostors just the same
Yours is the world and all that's in it,
And which is more—you'll be a man."

Toc H is something like a Football League. At one time one Branch or Team is on top, and another equally famous is at the bottom, but in a League the ups and downs make all the excitement, and in Toc H the ups and downs lend spice to our adventure. J. B.